

A THIRD
COLLECTION
OF

The Newest and Most Ingenious
Poems, Satyrs, Songs, &c.

AGAINST
Popery and Tyranny,

Relating to the TIMES.



Most of which never before Printed.



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MARVILL's Ghost.

By Mr. JO. ATLOFFE.

From the dark Stigian Lake I come,
To acquaint poor *England* with her Doom;
Which by the Infernal Sisters late,
I copied from the Book of Fate:
And though the sence may seem disguis'd,
'Tis in these following Lines compriz'd.

When *England* shall forsake the Broom,
And take the Thistle in the room;
A wanton Fidler shall be led
By Fate to shame his Masters Bed;
From whence a Race shall grow,
Design'd for *Britains* overthrow.
These, whilst they do possess her Throne,
Shall serve all Interest but their own;
And shall be both in Peace and War,
Scourges unto themselves and her.
A brace of Exiled Youths, whose Fates
Shall pull down Vengeance on those States
That harbour'd them abroad, must come
Well skill'd in Foreign Vices home,
And shall their dark designs to hide,
With two contesting Churches side;
Till with cross Persecuting zeal,
They have destroyed the Common-weal:
Then Incest, Murder, Perjury,
Shall fashionable Vertues be;
And Villanies infect this Isle,
Shall make the Son of *Claudius* smile.
No Oaths or Sacraments hold good,
But what are Seal'd with lust and Blood;
Lust, which cold Exile could not tame,
Nor Plague nor Fire at home reclaim:
For this the shall in Albion mourn,
From *Europe's* envy turn her scorn,
And curse the day that ere gave Birth
To *Cacil*, or to *M*— on Earth.
But as I onwards strove to look,
The angry Sister shut the Book,

And said, No more, that fickle State
Shall know no further of her Fate;
Her future Fortunes must be hid,
Till her known Isle be remedied;
And she to those Resentments come,
That drove the *Tarquins* out of *Rome*;
Or such as did in fury turn
The *Jyans* Palace to his Urn.

HOUNSLOW HEATH.

*Upon this place are to be seen
Many rare Sights: God save the Queen.*

Near *Hampton Court*, there lies a Common,
Unknown to neither Man, nor Woman;
The Heath of *Hounslow* it is call'd:
Which never was with blood defil'd,
Though it has been of War the Seat,
Now three Campaigns, almost compleat.
Here you may see Great *JAMES* the Second,
(The Greatest of our Kings he's reckon'd!)
A Hero of such high Renown,
Whole Nations tremble at his Frown:
And, when he Smiles, Men die away,
In transports of excessive joy.
A Prince of admirable Learning!
Quick Wit! of judgment most discerning!
His knowledge in all Arts is such,
No Monarch ever knew so much:
Not that old bluff'ring King of *Pontus*,
Whom Men call learned, to affront us,
With all his Tongues, and Dialects,
Cou'd equal him, in all Respects;

A

His

(6)

His Two and twenty Languages
Were Trifles, if compar'd to His,
Fargons, which we esteem but small;
English and *French* are worth 'em all.
What though he had some skill in *Physick*,
Cou'd cure the *Dropsy*, or the *Pthitick*;
Perhaps, was able to advise one
To scape the danger of rank *Poison*,
And cou'd prepare an *Antidore*
Shou'd carry't off, though down your Throat?
These are but poor *Mechanick Arts*,
Inferior to Great *JAMES* his Parts:
Shall he be set in the same Rank,
With a *Pedantick Mountebank*?
He's Master of such *Eloquence*,
Well-chosen Words, and weighty *Sence*;
That he ne'er parts his lovely Lips,
But out a *Trope*, or *Figure* slips:
And, when he moves his fluent Tongue,
Is sure to ravish all the Throng;
And every Mortal that can hear,
Is held fast Pris'ner by the ear.

His other Gifts we need but name,
They are so spread abroad by Fame,
His Faith, his Zeal, his Confrancy,
Aversion to all *Bigotry*!
His firm adhering to the *Laws*,
By which he judges every Cause,
And deals to all *Impartial Justice*,
In which the Subjects greatest trust is!
His constant keeping of his Word,
As well to *Peasant*, as to *Lord*;
Which he no more wou'd violate,
Than he wou'd quit his *Regal State*!
Who has not his least Promise broke,
Nor contradicted what he spoke!
His governing the brutal Passions,
With far more Rigor, than his Nations:
Wou'd not be sway'd by's Appetite,
Were he to gain an Empire by't!
From hence does flow that Chastity,
Temperance, Love, Sincerity,
And unaffected Piety,
That just abhorrence of Ambition,
Idolatry, and Superstition,
Which through his Life have shin'd so bright,
That nought cou'd dazle their clear light!
These Qualities we'll not insist on,
Because they all are Duties *Christian*;
But haste to Celebrate his Courage,
Which is the Prodigy of our Age:
A Spirit, which exceeds Relation;
And were too great for any Nation,
Did not those Vertues nam'd before
Confine it to its Native Shore,

Refrain it from the thirst of Blood,
And only exercise't in Good!

The tedious *Mithridatick War*,
(The noise whereof is spread so far)
Was nothing, to what's practis'd here;
Though carry'd on for forty year
Gainst *Pompey*, *Sylla*, and *Lucullus*,
High-sounding Names, brought in to gull us:
In which, the *Romans* lost more Men
Than one Age cou'd repair again;
Who perished not by Sword or Bullet,
But melted Gold pour'd down the Gullet.
Heroes of old were only Fam'd
For having Millions kill'd, or Maim'd;
For being th' Instruments of Fate,
In making Nations Desolate;
For wading to the Chin i'th' Blood:
Of those that in their Passage stood:
And thought the Point they had not gain'd
While any Foe alive remain'd.
Our Monarch, by more gentle Rules,
Has prov'd the Ancients arrant Fools:
He only studies and contrives
Not to destroy, but save Mens Lives;
Shows all the Military skill,
Without committing ought that's ill.
He'll teach his Men, in Warlike sport,
How to Defend, or Storm a Fort;
And, in Heroick Interlude,
Will act the dreadful Scene of *Bude*:
Here *Lorrain* Storms, the Visier dies,
And *Brandenburg* routs the Supplies;
Bavaria there blows up their Train,
And all the *Turks* are Took, or Slain.
All this perform'd, with no more harm
Than loss of simple Gunner's Arm:
And, surely, 'tis a greater Good
To teach Men War, than shed their Blood.

Now pause, and view the Army Royal,
Compos'd of valiant Souls, and Loyal;
Not rais'd (as ill Men say) to hurt ye,
But to Defend, or to Convert ye:
For that's the Method now in use,
The Faith *Tridentine* to diffuse.
Time was the Word was powerful;
But now, 'tis thought Remiss, and Dull:
Has not that Energy and Force
Which is in well-arm'd Foot and Horse.
Thus, when the Faith has had mutation,
We change its way of Propagation:
So *Mahomet*, with Arms and Terrors,
Spread over half the World his Errors.

Here daily swarm Prodigious Wights,
And strange variety of Sights,

As Ladies lewd, and soppy Knights,
 Priests, Poets, Pimps, and Parasites;
 Which now we'll spare, and only mention
 The hungry Bard that writes for Pension;
 Old *Squab*, (who's sometimes here, I'm told)
 That oft has with his Prince made bold,
 Call'd the late King a Sant'ring Cully,
 To magnify the *Gallick Bully*;
 Who lately put a senceless Banter
 Upon the World, with *Hind* and *Pamber*,
 Making the Beasts and Birds o'th' wood
 Debate, what he ne'er understood,
 Deep secrets in Philosophy,
 And Mysteries in Theology,
 All Sung in wretched Poetry; }
 Which rambling Piece, is as much Farce all,
 As his true Mirror, the *Rehearsal*;
 For which he has been soundly bang'd,
 But ha'n't his just Reward, till Hang'd.

Now you have seen all that is here,
 Have Patience till another Year.

The True *English-man*, 1686.

Curs'd be the tim'rous fool, whose feeble mind
 Is turn'd about with every blast of Wind;
 Who to self-interest basely does give ear,
 And suffers Reason to be led by Fear:
 He only merits a true *English* Name,
 Who always says, and does, and is the same;
 Who dares be honest, though at any rate,
 And stands prepar'd to meet the worst of Fate:
 He laughs at Threats, and Flatt'ries does despise,
 And won't be knavish, to be counted wise;
 No publick storm can his clear Reason blind,
 Or bad example influence his Mind.

Let M—— like a Cur kick'd out of doors,
 For his aspiring Projects and Amours,
 Unman himself to sneak, fawn, cringe, and whine,
 And play the Spaniel, till they let him in;
 Then, with a grinning and affected Leer,
 Run his red snout in every Lady's ear.

Let a lewd Judge come reeking from a Wench,
 To vent a wilder Lust upon the Bench;
 Bawl out the Venom of his rotten Heart,
 Swell'd up with envy, over Aft his Part;
 Condemn the Innocent by Laws ne'er fram'd;
 And study to be more than doubly Damn'd.

Let a mean scoundrel Lord (for equal fear
 Of hanging, or of starving) falsely Swear;
 Let him, whose Knavery and Impudence
 Is known to every Man's experience,

With scraps of broken evidence, contrive
 To feed, and keep a fainting Plot alive:
 Nay, though he wears by the same Deities,
 Whom he has mock'd, by Mimic Sacrifice.

Let *Rumsey*, with his ill-look'd treach'rous Face,
 That swarthy off-spring of a Hellish Race,
 Whose Mother, big with an Intriguing Devil,
 Brought an Epitome of all that's evil:
 Let him be perjur'd; and as rashly damn
 T'eternal Infamy his odious Name.

Let Knaves and Fools confound the tott'ring State,
 And plunge the Subjects in their Monarch's hate;
 Blinding, by false accounts of Men and Things,
 The most Indulgent, and the best of Kings.

Let an unthinking Haze-brain'd Bigot's zeal,
 (Not out of any thought of doing well,
 But in a pure defiance of the Law)
 In bloody Lines his true *Idea* draw;
 That Men may be inform'd, and early see,
 What such a Man (if once in Pow'r) would be:
 Of Royal Mercy, let him stop the source,
 That Death may have a free, and boundless course;
 Till shivering Ghosts come from their gloomy Cell,
 And in dumb Forms a fatal story tell. (Whores,

Let the Court swarm with Kimps, Rogues, Bawds, and
 And honest Men be all turn'd out of doors;
 Let Atheism and Profaneness there abound,
 And not an upright man (God save the King!) be found.

Let Men of Principles be in disgrace,
 And mercenary Villains in their place;
 Let free-born Cities be by Treach'ry won,
 Lose their just Liberties, and be undone:
 Let State-men sudden Changes undertake,
 And make the Government's Foundation shake;
 Till strange Tempestuous Murmurs do arise,
 And show a storm that's gath'ring in the Skies.

Let all this happen. Nay, let certain Fate
 Upon the issue of their Actions wait;
 If you've a true, a brave, undaunted mind,
 Of *English* Principles, as well as kind;
 You'll on the bottom of true Honour stand,
 Firm as a Rock, unshaken as the Land:
 So when vast Seas of Trouble 'gainst you beat,
 They'll break, and force themselves to a Retreat;
 No Fate, no flattery can ere controul
 A steady, resolute, Heroick Soul.

An Epitaph on *Harry Care*.

A True Dissenter here does lye indeed;
 He ne'er with any, or himself agreed:
 But, rather than want subject to his spite,
 Snake-like, he'd turn, and his own Tail wou'd bite.
 Sometime,

Sometime, 'tis true, he took the juster side ;
 But, when he came, by suffering, to be try'd,
 The Craven soon betray'd his Fear and Pride :
 Thence, *Scilla*-like, he to Recanting fell
 Of all he wrote, or fauldy'd to be well.
 Thus purg'd from good, and thus prepar'd by evil,
 He fac'd to *Rome*, then march'd off to the Devil.

A NEW LETANY,

To the Tune of Cook Laurel invited
 the Devil, &c.

I.
 From Jesuitical Polls, who proudly expose
 The Bar of their safety 'twixt them and their Foes,
 To ramble by Night, and see Raree shows,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

II.
 From a pious wife K. who lets his Reign pass
 In raising of Villains, and hearing of Mass,
 All whole designs still prove but mine A —
For ever good Lord deliver me.

III.
 Who's Rid, and impos'd on, by many a score
 Of Priests, Macks, and Footmen, his O. and his V.
 Who, to make his foes Rich, will make his friend
For ever good Lord deliver me.

IV.
 Who, without doing business, still o'er his
 Takes always wrong Measures in all that he does ;
 As preposterous in State, as H — s in the
For ever good Lord deliver me.

V.
 Who has made his Religion a ridiculous jest,
 And sold all his friends, to buy off the best,
 Yet gives it his Servants from highness to least,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

VI.
 From a blinking Counsellor, as free of his word,
 And as slack of Performance, as his Disciplin'd Lord,
 Whose Merit in time, may meet with a Cord,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

VII.
 From *Petree*, that politick positive Sage,
 Who thams upon Heav'n, and comforts his Age
 In filling his Coners, and bugg'ring his Page,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

VIII.
 From a * Turncoat, Mail-setting, King-killing Rascal,
 Who, spite of those Villanies th'ro which he has
 pass'd all,
 Is become a Kings Favourite even from a stall,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

Sir N. But.

IX.
 From a Hosier, preferr'd to all our State Blocks,
 From Preaching in Tu's, and mending of Socks,
 And giving Quack-Bills to cure the Pox,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

X.
 Who had Hang'd in *Hone*'s stead, with a handsomer face,
 And the Joiner had carry'd the Counsellor's Place,
 If to Peach first he had had but the Grace,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

XI.
 From a Nation which now in so woful a case is
 To be Rul'd by Church Cheats, and Jesuitical Classes,
 VWho their Politicks learnt from whipping Boys A — es
For ever good Lord deliver me.

On the Young Statesmen.

London
 I.
 ad Law and fence,
 d was Fierce and Brave,
 s grave look was a pretence,
 s matchless impudence
 help'd to support the Knave.

II.
 t Sun — d, C — r, *Petree*,
 these will appear such chits in story,
 'Twill turn all Politicks to Jests,
 to be repeated like *Fohn Dory*,
 VWhen Fiddlers sing at Feasts.

III.
 Protect us, mighty Providence,
 VWhat wou'd these Madmen have ?
 First, they wou'd bribe us without Pence,
 Deceive us without common Sence,
 And without power enslave.

IV.
 Shall freeborn Men in humble awe,
 Submit to servile shame ;
 Who, from consent and custom, draw
 The same Right to be Rul'd by Law
 VWhich Kings pretend to Reign ?

V.
 Berwick shall wield his Conq'ring Sword,
 The Chancellor make a Speech,
 The King shall pass his honest word,
 The pawn'd Revenue Sums affords ;
 And then, come kiss my Breech.

VI.
 So have I seen a King on Chels,
 (His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,
 His Queen and Bishops in distress)
 Shifting about, grow less and less,
 VVith here and there a Pawn.

DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER.

By Sir John Denham. 1667.

NAY Painter, if thou dar'st design that Fight,
Which *Waller* only courage had to write;
If thy bold hands can without shaking draw
What ev'n th' Actors trembled at when they saw,
Enough to make thy colours change like theirs,
And all thy Pencils bristle like their Hairs.

First in fir distance of the prospect main,
Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coast of *Spain*;
Heroick act! and never heard till now!
Stemming of *Hero's* pillars with the prow!
And how he left his Ships the Hills to waft,
And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.

Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to rebuild it new;
What lesser Sacrifice than this, was meet
To offer for the safety of the Fleet?
Blow one Ship up, another thence will grow:
See what free Cities and wife Courts can do!
So some old Merchant, to insure his Name,
Marries afresh, and Courtiers share the Dame:
So whatfoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
And Glasses are more durable than Plate.
No May'r till now, so rich a Pageant feign'd,
Nor one Barge all the Companies contain'd.

Then Painter, draw *Cerulean Coventry*,
Keeper, or rather Chancellour o'th' Sea;
And more exactly to express his hue,
Use nothing but *Ultra-Marinish Blue*.
To pay his fees, the silver Trumpet spends,
And Boat-swains whistle, for his place depends.
Pilots in vain repeat their Compass o'er,
Until of him they learn that one point more.
The constant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.
Muscovy sells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar;
Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munster*, War;
Asby, Prize; *Warwick*, Customs; *Carret*, Pay;
But *Coventry* doth sell the Fleet away.

Now let our Navy stretch its Canvas Wings,
Swoln like his purse, with tackling like his strings,
By slow degrees of the increasing gale,
First under Sail, and after under sale:
Then in kind visit unto *Opdam's* Gout,
Hedge the *Dutch* in, onely to let them out.
So Huntsmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
First find them, and then civilly withdraw.
That the blind Archer, when they take the Seas,
The *Hambrough*-Convoy may betray with ease.
So, that the Fish may more securely bite,
The Angler baits the River over Night.

But Painter, now prepare t' enrich thy piece,
Pencil of *Ermins*, Oyl of *Ambergreece*,
See where the *Dutchess* with triumphant trail
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* does assail!
So the Land-Crabs, at Natures kindly call,
Down to ingender to the Sea do crawl.
See then the Admiral with Navy whole,
To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Coal:
So Swallows buried in the Sea at Spring,
Return to Land with Summer in their VVing.

One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother pearl,
Suffic'd, of old, the *Citherean Girl*;
Yet Navies are but Fopperies when here,
A small Sea-Mask, and built to court your Dear:
Three Goddesses in one, *Pallas* for art,
Venus for sport, but *Juno* in your heart.
O *Dutchess*! if thy Nuptial pomp was mean,
'Tis paid with interest in thy Naval Scene.
Never did *Roman Mark* within the Nile,
So feast the fair *Egyptian Crocodile*;
Nor the *Venerian Duke* with such a state
The *Adriatick* marry, at that rate.

Now Painter, spare thy weaker art; forbear
To draw her parting passions, and each tear;
For Love, alas! hath but a short delight:
The Sea, the Dutch, the King, all call to fight.
She therefore the Dukes person recommends
To *Brunker*, *Pen*, and *Coventry*, her friends;
To *Pen* much, *Brunker* more, most *Coventry*;
For they she knew were all more fraid than he:
Of flying Fishes one had sav'd the Fin,
And hop'd by this he through the air might spin;
The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
By the invention of the Diving Bell;
The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
Coild round about him, was impenetrable.
But then the Duke rejected, only chose
To keep far off; let others interpose.
Ruperr, that knew no fear, but health did want,
Kept state suspended in a Chair volant;
All save his Head shut in that wooden case,
He shew'd but like a broken VVeather-glass;
But arm'd with the whole *Lyon*-Cap-a-Chin,
Did represent the *Hercules* within.

Dear shall the *Dutch* his twinging anguish know,
 And see what valour whet with pain can do.
 Curst in the mean time be that treach'rous *Jael*,
 That through his princely Temples drove the Nail.
Rupert resolv'd to fight it like a *Lyon*,
 And *Sand---ch* hop'd to fight it like *Arim*;
 He to prolong his Life in the dispute,
 And charm the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute,
 Till some judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
 And land him safe and sound as any Roach.

Now Painter, reassume thy Pencils care,
 Thou hast but skirmish'd yet, now fight prepare,
 And draw the Battle terrible to show,
 As the last Judgment was of *Angelo*.

First let our Navy scour through silver froth,
 The Oceans burthen, and the Kingdoms both;
 VVhose very bulk may represent its birth,
 From *H---de* and *Past---*, burthens of the Earth;
H--- whose transcendent panch so swells of late,
 That he the Rupture seems of Law and State;
Past--- whose belly bears more millions,
 Than *Indian Carricks*, and contains more tuns.
 Let shoals of *Porpoises* on every side
 VVonder in swimming by our Oaks out-vy'd;
 And the *Seafowl* all gave, t' behold a thing
 So vast, more swift and strong than they of wing.
 But yet presaging *George* they keep in fight,
 And follow for the Reliques of a fight.
 Then let the *Dutch* with well-dissembled fear,
 Or bold despair, more than we wish, draw near:
 At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
 And more to fight, their easie *Stomachs* render,
 VVith breasts so panting, that at every stroke
 You might have felt their hearts beat through the Oak:
 VVhile one concerned in the Interval
 Of straining choler, thus did vent his Gall.

Noah be damn'd! and all his Race accurst,
 Who in Sea-trine did pickle Timber first!
 What though he planted Vines, he Pines cut down,
 He taught us how to drink, and how to drown:
 He first built Ships, and in his Wooden wall,
 Saving but eight, e'er since endanger'd all.
 And thou *Dutch Necromantick Fryar*, be damn'd,
 And in thine own first Mortar-piece be ram'd!
 Who first invented Cannon in thy Cell,
 Nitre from Earth, and Brimstone fetcht from Hell.
 But damn'd and treble damn'd be *Clar---dine*,
 Our seventh Edward, with all his House and Line!
 Who to divert the danger of the War
 With Bristol, bounds us on the Hollander:
 Fool-coated Gown-man! sells, to fight with Hance,
 Dunkirk; dismantling Scotland, quarrels France:
 And hopes he now hath buis'ness shap'd, and power
 To out-last our Lives or his, and scape the Tower;
 And that he yet may see, ere he go down,
 His dear *Clarinda* circled in a Crown.

By this time both the Fleets in reach dispute,
 And each the other mortally salute:
 Draw pensive *Neptune* biting of his *Thumbs*,
 To think himself a *Slave*, whoe'er o'ercomes.
 The frighted *Nymphs* retreating to their Rocks,
 Beating their blue Breasts, tearing their green Locks.
 Paint *Eccho* slain, onely th'alternate sound
 From the repeating Cannon doth rebound.
Opdam sails placed on his Naval Throne,
 Assuming Courage greater than his own;
 Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,
 To nail him to his boards, like a *Petar*;
 But in the vain attempt, took fire too soon,
 And flies up in his ship to catch the Moon.
Monieurs like *Rockets* mount aloft, and crack
 In thousand sparks, then dancingly fall back.
 Yet ere this happen'd, destiny allow'd
 Him his revenge, to make his death more proud;
 A fatal bullet from his side did range,
 And batter'd *Lawson*: Oh too dear exchange!
 He led our Fleet that day too short a space,
 But lost his knee; since dy'd in *Glory's Race*:
Lawson! whose Valour beyond Fate did go,
 And still fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.
 The Duke himself, though *Pen* did not forget,
 Yet was not out of dangers random set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
 Some say 'twas to grow Duke too, by contract:
 An untaught bullet in its wanton scope,
 Dashes *Him* all to pieces, and his *Hope*.
 Such was his rise, such was his fall, unprais'd;
 A chance-shot sooner took him than *Chance* rais'd:
 His thater'd Head the fearless Duke disdains,
 And gave the last first-proof that he had brains.
Bartlet had heard it soon, and thought not good.
 To venture more of *Royal Harding's* blood:
 To be immortal he was not of age,
 An did e'en now the *Indian Prize* presage;
 And judg'd it safe and decent, cost what cost,
 To lose the day, since his dear Brother's lost:
 With his whole Squadron straight away he bore,
 And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
 The *Dutch Auranea* careles, at us fail'd,
 And promised to do what *Opdam* fail'd;
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way,
 And cleaves t' her closer than a *Remora*:
 The Captain wonder'd, and withall disdain'd,
 So strongly by a thing so small, detain'd;
 And in a raging bravery to him runs,
 They stab their ships with one another's Guns:
 They fight so near, it seems to be on ground,
 And e'en the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound.
 The noise, the smok, the fire, the sweat, the blood,
 Is not to be exprest, nor understood.
 Each Captain from his Quarter-deck commands,
 They wave their bright Swords glittering in their hands.

All Luxury of War, all Man can do
 In a *Sea-fight*, did pass between them two:
 But one must conquer, whosoever fight,
Smith takes the Gyant, and is made a Knight.
Marlbrough that knew, and durst do more than all,
 Falls undistinguisht by an Iron-Ball:
 Dear Lord! but born under a Star ingrate!
 No Soul more clear, nor no more gloomy fate!
 Who would set up Wars Trade that means to thrive?
Death picks the *Valiant* out, *Cowards* survive:
 What the *Brave* merit, th' *Impudent* do vaunt,
 And none's rewarded but the Sycophant:
 Hence all his Life he against *Fortune* fenc'd,
 Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd:
 Bat envy not this praise 't his memory,
 None more prepar'd was, or less fit to dye:
Rupert did others and himself excel:
Holms, *Tydiman*, *Minns*; bravely *Sanson* fell.
 What others did, let none omitted, blame,
 I shall record, whoe'er brings in his Name:
 But unless after stories disagee,
 Nine onely came to fight, the rest to see.
 Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* loss;
 The wind, the fire, we, they themselves do cross.
 When a sweet sleep began the Duke to drown,
 And with soft Diadems his Temples crown:
 And first he orders all the rest to watch,
 And *They* the *Foe*, whilst *He* a *Nap* doth catch:
 But lo, *Brunkar* by a secret instinct,
 Slept not, nor needed, he all day had winkt.
 The *Duke* in bed, he then first draws his steel,
 Whose virtue makes the mis'd Compass wheel.
 So ere *He* wak'd, both Fleets were innocent:
 And *Brunkar* Member is of Parliament.

And now, dear Painter, after pains, like those,
 'Twere time that I and thou too do repose.
 But all our Navy scap'd so sound of Limb,
 That a short space serv'd to refresh and trim;
 And a tame Fleet of theirs doth Convoy want,
 Laden with both the *Indies*, and *Levant*:
 Paint but this one Scene more, the World's our own,
 And *Halcyon Sand---ch* doth command alone:
 To *Bergen* we with confidence made haste,
 And th' secret spoils by hope already taste;
 Though *Clifford* in the Character appear
 Of *Supra-Cargo* to our Fleet and their:
 Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
 And seize all for his Master *Arl---gon*.

Ruyter whose little Squadron skim'd the Seas,
 And wasted our remotest Colonies;
 With Ships all foul, return'd upon our way;
Sand---ch would not disperse, nor yet delay;
 And therefore like Commander grave and wise,
 To scape his fight and fight, shut both his Eyes;
 And for more state and sureness, *Curten* true,
 The left Eye closeth, the right *Mountague*;

And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his zeal,
 To make all taste, 't apply to both his Seal.
Ulysses so, till *Syrens* he had past,
 Would by his Mates be pinion'd to the Mast.

Now can our Navy view the wish'd Port,
 But there (to see the Fortune!) was a Fort:
Sand---ch would not be beaten, nor yet beat;
Fools onely fight, the Prudent use to treat.
 His Cousin *Moun---gue* by Court-disaster,
 Dwindled into the wooden Horse's Master,
 To speak of Peace seem'd amongst all most proper,
 Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper:
 Or what are Forts, when void of Ammunition?
 With friends or foes what would we more condition?
 Yet we three days, till the Dutch furnish'd all,
 Men, Powder, Money, Cannon,---treat with Wall!
 Then *Tydiman*, finding the *Danes* would not,
 Sent in six Captains bravely to be shot.
 And *Moun---gue*, though dress'd like any Bride,
 And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd:
 Sad was the chance, and yet a deeper care
 Wrinkled his Membrains under Forehead fair.
 The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' impudence
 To put to Sea, to wait their Merchants thence;
 For as if all their Ships of Walnut were,
 The more we beat them, still the more they bear:
 But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
 Brings *Sand---ch* back, and once again did blind.

Now gentle Painter, ere we leap on shore,
 With thy last strokes ruffle a Tempest o'er;
 As if in our reproach, the Wind and Seas
 Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take ease;
 The Seas the spoils within our Hatches throw,
 The VVinds both Fleets into our Mouths do blow:
 Strew all their Ships along the Shore by ours,
 As eas'ly to be gather'd up as Flow'rs:
 But *Sand---ch* fears for Merchants to mistake
 A Man of VVar, and among Flowers a Snake.
 Two Indian ships pregnant with Eastern Pearl,
 And Diamonds, fate th' Officers and Earl:
 Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
 Into the Ports, and so to *Oxford* rides.
 Meanwhile the *Dutch* uniting, to our shames,
 Ride all insulting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames*!

Now treating *Sand---ch* seems the fittest choice
 For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoice:
 He meets the *French*; but to avoid all harms
 Ships to the *Groyn*: *Embassies bear no Arms*:
 There let him languish a long Quarantain,
 And ne'er to *England* come, till he be clean.

Thus having fought, we know not why as yet,
 VVe've done we know not what, nor what we get:
 If to espouse the Ocean all this pains;
 Princes unite, and do forbid the Bains:
 If to discharge Phanatics, this makes more;
 For all Phanaticks are, when they are poor:

Or if the House of Commons to repay,
 Their Prize-Commissions are transferr'd away:
 But for triumphant Check-stones if, and shell
 For Dutchess's Closet, 't hath succeeded well.
 If to make Parliaments as odious pass,
 Or to reserve a standing force, alas!
 Or if, 'as just, ORANGE to re-instate,
 Instead of that, he is regenerate:
 And with four Millions vainly giv'n as spent,
 And with five Millions more of detriment,
 Our sum amounts yet onely to have won
 A bastard Orange for Pimp Ar--gon.

Now may Historions argue *con* and *pro*:
Denham says thus; though always *Waller* so:
 And he good Man, in his long sheet and staff,
 This pennance did for *Cromwells* Epitaph:
 And his next Theam must be o'th *Dukes* Mistress,
 Advice to draw Madam *l' Edificatress*.

Henceforth, O *Gemini*! two *Dukes* Command,
Castor and *Pollux*, *Aumarlo* and *Cumberland*.
 Since in one ship, it had been fit they'd went
 In *Petty's* Double-Knee'd Experiment.

To the KING.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Imperial Prince! King of the Seas and Isles!
 Dear Object of our Joy, and Heaven's smiles!
 What boots it that thy Light doth gild our days,
 And we lie basking in thy milder Rays;
 While swarms of Insects, from thy warmth begun?
 Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
 Thou, like *Joves* *Minos*, rul'st a greater Crete;
 And for its hundred Cities, Count'st thy Fleet.
 Why wilt thou that state-Dædalus allow,
 Who builds the Butt, a Labyrinth and a Cow?
 If thou art *Minos*, be a Judge severe,
 And in's own Maze confine the Engineer.
 O may our Sun, since he too nigh presumes,
 Melt the soft Wax wherewith he imps his plumes!
 And may he falling leave his hated Name
 Unto these Seas his War hath set on flame!
 From that Inchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
 Thy native sight will pierce within the Skies,
 And view those Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
 Where's Universal Triumph, but no Fight.
 Since both from Heav'n thy Race and Pow'r descend,
 Rule by its pattern there to reascend.
 Let Justice onely awe, and Battel cease:
 Kings are but Cards in War, they're Gods in Peace.

DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

SAnd—ch in Spain now, and the Duke in love.
 Let's with new Gen'als a New Painter prove:
Elyly's a Dutchman, danger's in his Art,
 His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
 Thou *Gibson*, that amongst the Navy small
 Of Muscle-shells commandest Admiral,
 Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more
 Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
 Come mix thy VWater-colours, and exprefs,
 Drawing in little, what we yet do les.

First paint me *George* and *Rupert* ratling far
 Both in one Box, like the two Dice of VVar;
 And let the terror of their linked Name,
 Fly through the Air, like Chain-shot, tearing Fame:
 Jove in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap
 Lightning so fierce, but never such a clap.
 United Gen'als sure are th' onely spell
 VVherewith United Provinces to quell:
 Alas, even they, though shell'd in treble Oak,
 VVill prove an Addle Egge, with double Yolk.
 And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
 And loo them at two Hares ere one be found:
Rupert to Be—fort; halloo! ah there *Rupert*
 Like the phantastick hunting of St. *Hubert*,
 When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
 Pursues by Fountain-bleau the witchy Hare.
 Deep providence of State! that could so soon
 Fight Be—fort here, ere he had quit Taloon.

So have I seen, ere Humane Quarrels rise,
 Fore-boding Meteors combat in the Skies.
 But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
 The Gen'ral meets a more substantial Foe:
Ruyter he spies, and full of youthful heat,
 Though half their number, thinks the odds too great:
 The Fowler watching so his watty spot,
 And more the Fowl, hopes for the better shot.
 Though such a Limb was from his Navy torn,
 He found no weakness yet, like *Sampson* thorn;

But

But swoln with sense of former Glory won,
 Thought *Monk* must be by *Al--marle* out-done:
 Little he knew with the same Arm and Sword,
 How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferiour unto none for Heart,
 Superiour now in Number and in Art;
 Ask'd if He thought, as once our Rebel-Nation,
 To conquer *Theirs* too, with a Declaration?
 And threatens, though he now so proudly fail,
 He shall tread back his *Iter Boreale*:
 This said, he the short period, ere it ends,
 With Iron-words from Brazen-mouths extends:
Monk yet prevents him, ere the Navies meet,
 And charges in himself alone a Fleet;
 And with so quick and frequent motion wound
 His murdering sides about, the Ship seem'd round;
 And the Exchanges of his Circling Tire,
 Like whirling Hoops, shew'd of triumphant Fire.
 Single He doth at their whole Navy aim,
 And shoots them through a Porcupine of Flame.
 In noise to regular his Cannons met,
 You'd think that Thunder was to Musick set:
 Ah had the rest but kept a time as true,
 What Age could such a Martial Comfort shew!
 The listning Air unto the distant shore,
 Through secret Pipes conveys the tuned rore;
 Till as the Echo's, vanishing, abate,
 Men feel a dead sound like the pulse of State.
 If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,
 His Guns determine who shall live or dye.
 But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant*:
Ruyter no less with virtuous Envy burns,
 And Prodiges for Miracles returns:
 Yet he observ'd how still his Iron Balls
 Recoyl'd in vain against our Oaken Walls;
 How the hard Pellets fell away as dead,
 By our enchanted Timber fillipp'd.
 Leave then, said he, th'invulnerable Keel,
 We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel:
 He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
 Of chain'd Dilemma's through our sinew'd Shrouds.
 Forrests of Masts fall with their rude embrace,
 Our stiff Sails masht, and netted into Lace;
 Till our whole Navy lay their wanton Mark,
 Nor any Ship could sail but as the Ark.
 Shot in the Wing, so at the Powder's call,
 The disappointed Bird doth flut'ring fall.
 Yet *Monk* disabled, still such courage shows,
 That none into his mortal gripe dare close:
 So an old Bustard, maim'd yet loth to yield,
 Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* field.
 But since he found it was in vain to fight,
 Heimps his Plumes the best he can for flight,
 This, Painter, were a noble Task to tell,
 What indignation his Great Breast did swell!

*Not virtuous Men unworthily abus'd,
 Not constant Lover without cause refus'd,
 Not honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
 Hift off the Stage, nor Sinners in despair;
 Not Parents mockt, not Favourites disgrac'd,
 Not Rump by Monk or Oliver displac'd,
 Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates ere they die,
 Feel half the Rage of Gen'als when they Fly.*

Ah rather than transmit th'story to Fame,
 Draw Curtains, Gentle Artist, o'er the shame:
 Cashier the mem'ry of *Dutell*, rais'd up
 To taste, instead of Death, his Highness Cup:
 And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
 How *Bartlet*, as he long deserv'd, was shot;
 Though others, that survey'd the Corps so clear,
 Said he was onely petrify'd for fear:
 If so, th'hard Statue Mummy'd without Gum,
 Might the Dutch Balm have spar'd, & English Tomb.
 Yet if thou wilt, paint *MINNS* turn'd all to Soul,
 And the Great *HARMAN* charkt almost to Coal;
 And *JORDAIN* old, worthy thy Pencil's pain,
 Who all the while held up the Ducal Train:
 But in a dark Cloud cover *Askew*, when
 He quit the Prince to embarque in *Loeustein*;
 And wounded Ships, which we immortal boast,
 Now first led Captive to an hostile Coast.
 But most with story of his Hand and Thumb,
 Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's Bum,
 When the rude Bullet a large Collop tore
 Out of that Buttock never turn'd before:
 Fortune (it seems) would give him by that Lash,
 Gentle correction for his fight so rash.
 But should the Rump perceive't, they'd say that *Marr*
 Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumarle's* Arse.
 The long disaster better o'er to vail,
 Paint onely *Jonas* three days in the Whale;
 For no less time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw
 Our flying Gen'ral in his spungy Jaw.
 Then draw the youth *Perseus* all in haste,
 From a Sea-Beast to free the Virgin chaste;
 But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,
 Nor with the *Gorgon* shielded at his need:
 So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
 But to save *George* himself, and not the Maid;
 And though arriving late, he quickly mist
 Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to resist.
 Nor *Greenland* Seamen that survive the fright
 Of the cold Chaos, and half eternal Night,
 So gladly the returning Sun adore,
 Or run to spy the next years Fleet from shore,
 Hoping yet once within the Oyly side
 Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide:
 As our glad Fleet, with universal shout,
 Salute the Prince, and wish the second bout.

Nor

Nor Winds, long Pris'ners in Earths hollow vault,
The fallow Seas so eagerly assault;
As fiery *Rupert*, with revengeful Joy,
Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy;
But soon unrigg'd, lay like an useles Board;
(As wounded in the Wrist, Men drop their Sword.)
When a propitious Cloud between us stept,
And in our aid did *Ruyter* intercept.
Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
To save his *Heroes*, Mists of better use.
Worship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise;
This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice.

Now joyful Fires, and the exalted Bell,
And Court-Gazetts, our empty Triumphs tell!
Alas! the time draws near, when overturn'd,
The lyings Bells shall through the Tongues be burn'd;
Paper shall want to print that Lye of State,
And our false Fires, true Fires shall expiate.

Stay Painter, here awhile, and I will stay;
Nor vex the future Times with my survey:
Seest not the *Monkey Dutchess* all undrest?
Paint thou but her, and she will paint the rest.

This sad Tale found her in her outward Room,
Nailing up Hangings not of Persian Loom:
Like chaste *Penelope* that ne'er did rome,
But made all fine against her *GEORGE* came home.
Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much shorter,
She stood, with Groom and Coachman for Supporter;
And careless what they saw, or what they thought,
With *Honi Pense* full honestly she wrought:
One Tenter drove, to lose no time nor place,
At once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.
Whilst thus they her translate from North to East,
In posture just of a four-footed Beast;
She heard the News: but alter'd yet no more,
Than that which was behind, she turn'd before;
Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
Which pocket foul did to her Neck prefer,
She shed no tears, for she was too viraginous,
But onely snuffling her Trunk Cartilaginous,
From scaling Ladder she began a story,
Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori*;
Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri*,
With a Prophetick, if not Friendly Fury:
Her Hair began to creep, her Belly sound,
Her Eyes too sparkle, and her Udder bound;
Half *Witch*, half *Prophet*; thus the *Alb-drie*,
Like *Presbyterian* Sybil, 'gan to snarl:

Traitors both to my Lord, and to the King!
Nay now it is beyond all suffering!
One valiant Man by Land, and he must be
Commanded out to stop their leaks at Sea:
Yet send him *Rupert*, as an Helper meet;
First the Command dividing, then the Fleet:
One may if they be beat, or both be hit,
Or if they overcome, yet Honours split:

But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knock'd i'th' head,
They cut him out like Beef, ere he be dead:
Each for a Quarter hopes; the first doth skip,
But shall fall short though, at the Gen'ral-ship:
Next they for *Master of the Horse* agree;
A third the *Cock-pit* begs; not any Me:
But they shall know, ay marry shall they do,
That who the *Cock-pit* hath, shall have Me too.
I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,
If the King brought these o'er, how it would be:
Men that there pick his pocket to his face,
And sell Intelligence to buy a place.

That their Religion's pawn'd for Cloaths; nor care,
'Tis run so long now, to redeem't, nor dare.
O what egregious Loyalty to cheat!
O what Fidelity it was to eat!

Whilst *Langdales*, *Hoptons*, *Glenhams* starv'd abroad
And here true Roy'lists sink beneath their load.

Men that did there affront, defame, betray
The King, and so do here; now who but they!
What! say I Men! nay rather Monsters; Men
Onely in Bed, nor to my knowledge then.

See how they home return'd in Revel Rout,
With the small manners that they first went out:
Not better grown, nor wiser all the while,
Renew the causes of their first Exile:

As if, to shew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
I chose a foul Smock, when I might have clean.

First they for fear disband the Army tame,
And leave Good *George* a Gen'ral's empty Name:

Then Bishops must revive, and all unfix
With Discontents, to content Twenty Six:

The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord,
For Bishops Voices silencing the Word:

O *Barthol'mew*! Saint of their Kalendar!

What's worse, th' Ejection, or the Massacre?

Then *Culpepper*, *Gloster*, and the *Princess* dy'd;

Nothing can live that interrupts an *H--de*.

O more than humane *GLOSTER*! Fate did shew
Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.

Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think
'Twas time to mix the Royal Bloud with Ink.

Barkley that swore as oft as he had Toes,
Doth kneeling now her Chastity depose;

Just as the first *French Card'nal* could restore
Maidenhead to his Widdow, Niece, and Whore.

For Portion, if she should prove light, when weigh'd,
Four Millions shall within three years be paid;

To raise it, we must have a *Naval War*,

As if 'were nothing but *Tara-Tan-Tar*;

Abroad all Princes disobliging first,
At home all Parties but the very worst.

To tell of *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dunkirk*, 's sad;

Or the King's Marriage: but he thinks I'm mad:

And sweeter Creature never saw the Sun,
If we the King with *Monk*, or *Queen* a Nun.

But

But a Dutch War shall all these Rumours still,
Bleed out these Humours, and our Purfes fill;
Yet after four days Fight, they clearly faw
'Twas too much danger for a Son-in-Law:
Hire him to leave, for six score thousand pound:
So with the King's Drums Men for sleep compound.
But modest Sand—*ch* thought it might agree
With the State-Prudence, to do leis than He:
And to excuse their timerousness and sloth,
They found how George might now be less than both.

First Smith must for Legorn, with force enough
To venture back again, but not go through:
Beaufort is there, and to their dazling Eyes
The distance more the Object magnifies;
Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time should lose,
And for my Duke too, cannot interpose.
But fearing that our Navy, George to break,
Might yet not be sufficiently weak;
The Secretary, that had never yet
Intelligence, but from his own Gazzet,
Discovers a great secret, fit to sell,
And pays himself for't, ere he would it tell;
Beaufort is in the Channel; Hixy here!
Doxy Thoulon! *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.
Herewith assembling the supreme Divan,
Where enters none but Devil, NED, and NAN;
And upon this pretence they straight design'd
The Fleet to sep'rate, and the World to blind:
Monk to the Dutch, and *Rupert* (here the *Wench*
Could not but smile) is destin'd to the French.
To write the Order, *Bristol's* Clerk is chose;
One slit in's Pen, the other in his Nose;
For he first brought the News, it is his place;
He'll see the Fleet divided like his Face,
And through the cranny in his grisly part,
To the Dutch Chink Intelligence impart.
The Plot succeeds: the Dutch in haste prepar'd,
And poor Peel-Garlick George's Arse they shat'd;
And then presuming of his certain wrack,
To help him late, they send for *Rupert* back.
Officious *Will* seem'd fittest, as afraid
Left George should look too far into his trade.
At the first draught they pause with Statesmens care,
They write it foul, then copy it as fair;
And then compare them, when at last it's sign'd,
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Seal could find.
At night he sends it by the common Post,
To save the King of an Expre's the cost.
Lord, what adoe to pack one Letter hence!
Some Patents pass with less circumference.
Well George, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,
Lessen'd I hope in nought but thy backside;
For as to Reputation, this Retreat
Of thine exceeds their Victories so great:
Nor shalt thou stir from thence, by my consent,
Till thou hast made the Dutch and Them repent.
'Tis true, I want so long the Nuptial Gift,
But as I oft have done, I'll make a Shift;

Nor will I with vain pomp accost the Shore,
To try thy Valour at the Bay i'th' Nore.
Fall to thy work there, George, as I do here;
Cherish the Valiant up, Cowards calhier:
See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
Find out the Cheats of the four Millionier.
Out of the very Beer, they sell the Malt;
Powder of Powder, from powder'd Beef the Salt.
Put thy hand to the Tub, instead of Oxen,
They Victual with French Pork that hath the Pox.
Never such Cotqueans by small Arts to wring,
Ne'er such ill Huswives in the managing!
Purfers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,
Marr'ners on Shore less madly spend their Pay.
See that thou hast new Sails thy self, and spoil
All their Sea-market, and their Cable-coyl.
Look that Good Chaplains on each Ship do wait,
Nor the Sea-Diocels be impropriate:
Look to the sick and wounded Pris'ners: all
Is prize; they rob even the Hospital.
Recover back the Prizes too, in vain
We fight, if all be taken that is ta'en.

Now by our Coast the Dutchmen, like a Flight
Of feeding Ducks, ev'ning and morning light;
How our Land-Hosts tremble, void of sense,
As if they came straight to transport them hence:
Some Sheep are stol'n; the Kingdom's all arraid,
And ev'n Presbyters now call'd out for aid.
They with ev'n George divided to command,
One half of Him at Sea, th' other on Land.

What's that I see! Ah 'tis my George agen!
It seems they in sev'n weeks have Rigg'd him then.
The curious Heav'n's with Lightning him furrounds,
To view him, and his Name in Thunder sounds.
But with the same swift goes, Their Navy's near:
So ere we hunt, the Keeper shoots the Deer.
Stay Heav'n a while, and thou shalt see him fail,
And George too, he can thunder, lighten, hail.
Happy the time that I e'er wedded George,
The Sword of England, and the Holland Scourge.
Avaunt Rotterdam-Dog, Ruyter avault,
Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant.
I'll teach thee to shoot Scissers: I'll repair
Each Rope thou lovest, George, out of this Hair.
'Tis strong and course enough; I'll hem this shift,
Ere thou shalt lack a Sail, and lie a drift:
Bring home the old ones; I again will sew,
And darn them up, to be as good as new.

What, twice disabled! Never such a thing!
Now Sovereign help him that brought in the King.
Guard thy Posteriors, George, ere all be gone;
Though Jury-Masts, thou'lt Jury-Buttocks none.
Courage! How bravely (whet with this disgrace)
He turns, and Bullets spits in Ruyter's face!
They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,
But they discard their Trump: our Trump is Hide.
Where are you now, De Ruyter, with your Bears?
See where your Merchants burn about your Ears.

Fire out the Wasps, *George*, from the hollow Trees,
 Cramm'd with the Honey of our English Bees.
 Ah now they're paid for *Guinney*: ere they steer
 To the Gold Coast, they find it hotter here.
 Turn all your Ships to Stoves ere you set forth,
 To warm your Traffique in the frozen North.
 Ah *Sandwich*! had thy Conduct been the same,
Bergen had seen a less but richer Flame;
 Nor *Ruyter** liv'd new Battel to repeat,
 And offner beaten be, than we can beat.
 Scarce had *George* leisure, after all his pain,
 To tie his Breeches; *Ruyter*'s out again:
 Thrice in one year! Why sure this Man is wood:
 Beat him like Stock-fish, or he'll ne'er be good.
 I see them both again prepare to try;
 They first shoot through each other with the Eye.
 Then—But the Ruling Providence that must
 With humane Projects play, as Wind with Dust,
 Raises a storm. So Conistables a fray
 Knock down; and send them both well cuff'd away.
 Plant now *New England* Firs in English Oak,
 Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-stroak:
 To get a Fleet to Sea, exhaust the Land;
 Let longing Princes pine for the Command:
 Strong March-panes! Wafers light! so thin a puff
 Of angry Air can ruin all that Huff:

So Champions having shar'd the Lifts and Sun,
 The Judge throws down's Award, and they have
 (done.

For shame come home, *George*; 'tis for thee too much
 To fight at once with Heaven and the Dutch

Woe's me! what see I next! alas, the fate
 I see of *England*, and its utmost date.
 Those Flames of theirs at which we fondly smile,
 Kindle like Torches our Sepulchral Pile.
 War, Fire, and Plague against us all conspire;
 We the War, God the Plague, who rais'd the Fire?
 See how Men all like Ghosts, while *London* burns,
 Wander, and each over his Ashes mourns!
 Curs'd be the Man that first begat this War,
 In an ill hour, under a Blazing Star.

For Others sport two Nations fight a Prize;
 Between them both, Religion wounded dies.
*So of first Troy, the angry Gods unpaid,
 Raz'd the Foundations which themselves had laid.*

Welcome, though late, dear *George*: here hadst thou bin,
 We'd scap'd: (let *Rupert* bring the Navy in.)
 Thou still must help them out, when in the mire;
 Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
 Now thou art gone, see *Beaufort* dares approach,
 And our Fleets Angling, as to catch a Roach.
Gibson farewell, till next we put to Sea:
 Truth is, thou'st drawn her in Effigie.

To the KING.

By Sir John Denham.

Great Prince! and so much Greater as more Wise;
 Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes:
 What Servants will conceal, and Councils spare
 To tell, the Painter and the Poet dare.
 And the assistance of an heavenly Muse
 And Pencil, represent the Crimes abstruse.
 Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no foreign Foe;
 Only let Vice be damn'd, and Justice flow.
 Shake but, like Jove, thy Locks divine, and frown,
 Thy Scepter will suffice to guard thy Crown.
 Hark to *Cassandra*'s Song, ere Fate destroy
 By thine lowd Navy's wooden Horse, thy Troy.
 As our *Apollo*, from the Tumulis wave,
 And Gentle Calms, though but in Oars, will save.
 So *Philomel* her sad Embroidery strung,
 And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.
 The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd
 The Tragedies at Court so long conceal'd;
 But when restor'd to voice inclos'd with wings
 To Woods and Groves what once the Painter sings.

DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Draw *England* ruin'd by what was giv'n before,
Then draw the Commons slow in giving more :
Too late grown wiser, they their treasure see
Consum'd by fraud, or lost by treachery ;
And vainly now would some account receive
Of those vast Sums which they so idly gave,
And trusted to the management of such
As *Dunkirk* sold, to make War with the *Dutch* ;
Dunkirk, design'd once to a Nobler Use,
Than to erect a petty Lawyers House.
But what account could they from those expect,
Who to grow rich themselves, the State neglect ;
Men who in *England* have no other Lot,
Than what they by betraying it have got ;
Who can pretend to nothing but Disgrace,
Where either Birth or Merit find a place.
Plague, Fire and War, have been the Nations curse,
But to have these our Rulers, is a worse :
Yet draw these Caufers of the Kingdoms Woe,
Still urging dangers from our growing Foe,
Asking new Aid for War with the same face,
As if, when giv'n, they meant not to make Peace.
Mean while they cheat the Publick with such haste,
They will have nothing that may ease it, past.
The Law 'gainst *Irish* Cattel they condemn,
As shewing distrust o' th' King, that is, of them.
Yet they must now swallow this bitter Pill,
Or Money want, which were the greater ill.
And then the King to *Westminster* is brought,
Imperfectly to speak the Chanc'lers thought ;
In which, as if no Age could parallel
A Prince and Council that had rul'd so well,
He tells the Parliament He cannot brook
What ere in them like Jealousie doth look :
Adds, That no Grievances the Nation load.
While we're undone at home, despis'd abroad.
Thus past the *Irish*, with the Money-Bill,
The first not half so good, as th' other ill.
With these new Millions might we not expect
Our Foes to vanquish, or our selves protect ;

If not to beat them off usurped Seas,
At least to force an honourable Peace ?
But though the angry fate, or folly rather,
Of our perverted State, allow us neither ;
Could we hope less than to defend our Shores,
Than guard our Harbours, Forts, our Ships and Stores.
We hop'd in vain : Of these, remaining are,
Not what we sav'd, but what the *Dutch* did spare.
Such was our Rulers generous stratagem ;
A policy worthy of none but them.

After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation :
They rise, and now a Treaty is contest,
'Gainst which before these State-Cheats did protest :
A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
Theirs, not the Kingdom's Interest, is their care.

Statesmen of old, thought Arms the way to Peace ;
Ours scorn such thread-bare Policies as these :
All that was given for the State's defence,
They think too little for their own expence :
Or if from that they any thing can spare,
It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War :
For which great work Embassadors must go
With bare submissions to our arming foe :
Thus leaving a defenceless State behind,
Vast Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find ;
Against whose fury what can us defend,
Whilst our great Politicians here depend
Upon the *Dutch* good Nature : For when Peace
(Say they) is making, Acts of War must cease.
Thus were we by the name of Truce betray'd,
Though by the *Dutch* nothing like it was made.

Here, Painter, let thine Art describe a Story
Shaming our warlike Islands ancient Glory :
A Scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
Since our first ships were on the Ocean steer'd ;
Make the *Dutch* Fleet, while we supinely sleep,
Without Opposers, Masters of the Deep :
Make them securely the *Thames* mouth invade,
At once depriving us of that and Trade :
Draw Thunder from their floating Castles, sent
Against our Forts, weak as our Government :
Draw *Woollage*, *Depsford*, *London*, and the *Tower*,
Meanly abandon'd to a foreign Power,
Yet turn their first attempt another way,
And let their Cannons upon *Sheerness* play,
Which soon destroy'd, their lofty Vessels ride
Big with the hope of the approaching Tide :
Make them more help from our Reminiscs find,
Than from the Tide, or from the Eastern wind.
Their Canvas swelling with a prosp'rous gale,
Swift as our fears make them to *Chatham* sail : (way,
Through our weak Chain their Fireships break their
And our Great Ships (unmann'd) become their prey :
Then draw the fruit of our ill-manag'd cost,
At once our Honour and our Safety lost :

C

Bury

Bury those Bulwarks of our Isle in smoak,
 While their thick flames the neighb'ring Country
 The *Charles* escapes the raging Element, (choak,
 To be with triumph into *Holland* sent;
 Where the glad People to the shore resort,
 To see their Terror now become their Sport.
 But Painter, fill not up thy Piece before
 Thou paint'st Confusion on our troubled shore:
 Instruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
 The saddest Marks of an ill govern'd State.
 Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all command,
 While some with horror and amazement stand:
 Others will know no Enemy but they
 Who have unjustly robb'd them of their pay:
 Boldly refusing to oppose a fire,
 To kindle which our Errors did conspire:
 Some (though but few) perswaded to obey,
 Useless for want of Ammunition stay:
 The Forts design'd to guard our Ships of War,
 Void both of Powder and of Bullets are:
 And what past Reigns in peace did ne're omit,
 The present (whilst invaded) doth forget.
 Surpassing *Chattam*, make *Whitehall* appear,
 If not in danger, yet at least in fear.
 Make our dejection (if thou canst) seem more
 Than our pride, sloth, and ignorance did before:
 The King, of danger now shews far more fear,
 Than he did ever to prevent it, care:
 Yet to the City doth himself convey,
 Bravely to shew he was not run away:
 Whilst the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry's* Wars,
 Are only acted on our Theatres:
 Our States-Men finding no expedient,
 (If fear of danger) but a Parliament,
 Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace;
 The Cure's to them as bad as the Disease:
 But Painter, end not, till it does appear
 Which most, the *Dutch* or Parliament they fear.

As *Nero* once, with Harp in Hand, survey'd
 His flaming *Rome*; and as that burnt, he plaid:
 So our Great Prince, when the *Dutch Fleet* arriv'd,
 Saw his ships burnt; and as they burnt, he —

DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Painter, Where wast thy former Work did cease?
 Oh 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave *Peace*!
 Now for a *Cornucopia*: Peace all know
 Brings Plenty with it: with it be not *Woe*.
 Draw Coats of *Pageantry*, and Proclamations
 Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations.
 Canst thou not on the Change make Merchants grin
 Like outward smiles, whilst vexing thoughts within?
 Thou art no Artist, if thou canst not feign,
 And counterfeit the counterfeited disdain.

Draw a brave Standard, rustling at a rate
 Much other than it did for *Chatham's* fate.
 The *Tow'r-Guns* too, thundering their Joys, that they
 Have escap'd the danger of being ta'en away:
 These, as now mann'd, for triumph are, not fight:
 As painted fire for show, not heat or light.

Amongst the Roar of these, and the mad shout
 Of a poor nothing-understanding Rout,
 That think the *On-and-Off-Peace* now is true,
 Thou might'st draw Mourners for *Black Bartholmew*:
 Mourners in *Sion*! Oh 'tis not to be
 Discover'd; draw a Curtain curteously
 To hide them. Now proceed to draw at night
 A Bonfire here and there; but none too bright,
 Nor lasting: for 'twas *Brushwood*, as they say,
 Which they that hop'd for Coals now flung away.

But stay, I had forgot my Mother: Draw
 The Church of *England* 'mongst thy *Opera*,
 To play their part too; or the *Dutch* will say
 In *War* and *Peace* they've born the Bells away.
 At th' end then, two or three Scepters ringing,
 At th' other end draw *Quivers*, *Te Deum* singing;
 Between them leave a space for Tears: Remember
 That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.

Now if thou skill'st prospective Landskip, draw
 At distance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er saw:
Polyron, *Spicy Islands*, *Kits*, or *Guinney*;
Syrrenam, *Nova Scotia*, or *Virginia*?
 No, no; I mean not these; pray hold your laughter;
 These things are far off, not worth looking after:

Give

DIREC-

Give not a hint of these: Draw Highland, Lowland,
Mountains and Flats: Draw *Scotland* first, then *Holland*.
See, canst thou ken the *Scots* frowns? Then draw those
That something had to get, but nought to lose.
Canst thou through fogs discern the *Dutchmen* drink?
Bus-Skippers, lately Gapers, stamp to think
Their Catching-craft is over: some have ta'en,
To eke their War, a Warrant from the *Dane*.
But passing these, their Statesmen view a while,
In ev'ry graver countenance a smile:
Copy the piece there done, wherein you'll see
One laughing out, *I told you how 't would be!*

Draw next a pompous Interchange of Seals;
But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
Before he knows them: Now for this take light.
From him that did describe Sir *Edward's* fight:
You may perhaps the truth on't doubt: what tho?
You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.
Then draw our Lords Commissioners advance,
Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France*;
There to parlie a while, untill they see
How things in Parliament reformed be.

So much for Peace. Now for a Parliament:
A petty Session draw: With what content,
Guests by their countenance who came up post,
And quickly saw they had their labour lost:
Like the small Merchants when they Bargains sell;
Come hither *Jack*: What say? Come kifs: farewell.
But 'twas abortive, born before its day;
No wonder then it dy'd so soon away.
Yet breath'd it once, and that with such a force,
It blasted Thirty Thousand Foot and Horse.
As on e *Prometheus* man did sneez so ha d,
As routed all that new rais'd standing Guard
Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order: So
Down fall our New Gallants without a Toe.
But if this little one could do so much,
What will the next? Give a Prophetick touch.
If thou know how; if not, leave a great space,
Eor great things to be pourtray'd in their place.

Now draw the shadow of a Parliament,
As if to scare the upper World 'twere sent:
Cross your selves, Gentlemen, for shades will fright,
Especially if 't be an *English* Sprite:
Vermilion this mans guilt, ceruse his fears;
Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with cares:
Another thought some on Accounts. to see
How his Disbursements with Receipts agree.
Peep into Coaches, see Perriwigs neglected,
Cross'd arms and legs of such as are suspected,
Or do suspect what's coming, and foresee
Themselves must share in this Polutrophy.

Painter, hast travell'd? Didst thou e'er see *Rome*?
That fam'd piece there, *Angelo's* Day of Doom?
Horrors and Anguish of Descenders there,
May teach thee how to paint Descenders here.

Canst thou describe the empty shifts are made,
Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade*?
Some shift their Crimes, some Places; and among
The rest, some will their Countreys too, ere long.
Draw in a corner Gamesters, shuffling, cutting,
Their little crafts, no wit, together putting:
How to pack Knaves 'mongst Kings and Queens, to
A saving Game, whilst Heads are at the stake: (make
But cross their Cards, untill it be confest,
Of all the play, fair dealing is the best.
Draw a Veil of Displeasure, one to *H—de*, *Hydr—*
And some prepar'd to strike a blow on's side.
Let him that built high, now creep low to shelter,
When Potentates must tumble, *Helter Skelter*.
The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit;
Such Marks as these could not chuse but be hit.
The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone; *Bartolmew-day*,
Of all the days i'th' year, they're ta'en away.
The Purse, Seal, Mace are gone, but to another
Mitre; I wish not so, though to my Brother:
I care not for Transfition to a See,
Unless they would translate to *Italy*.

Now draw a Sail playing before the wind,
From the North West; that which it leaves behind,
Curfes or Out-cries, mind them not, till when
They do appear Realities, and then
Spare not no paint them in their Colours, though
Crimes of a *Viceroy*: *Deputies* have so
Been serv'd e're now. But if the Man prove true,
Let him, with *Pharaoh's* Butler, have his due,
Make the same wind blow strong against the shore
Of *France*, to hinder some from coming o'er.
And rather draw the Golden Vessel burning,
Even there, then hither with her Freight returning.
'Tis true the Noble Treasurer is gone:
Wise, faithful, loyal; some say th' onely one:
Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind
Can steer our Vessel without Southern Wind.

Women have grossly snar'd the wisest Prince
That ever was before, or hath been since:
And Granham *Ahabiah* in that Nation,
Was a great hinderer of Reformation.
Paint in a new Piece painted *Jezebel*;
Giv't to adorn the Dining Room of Hell:
Hang by her others of the Gang; for more
Deserve a place with *Rosalind*, *Jane Shore*, &c.
Stay, Painter; now look here's below a space,
I'th' bottom of all this, what shall we place?
Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?
Let the Resolve write *Nescio*. So have done.

Expose thy Piece now to the World to see:
Perhaps they'll say of It, of Thee, of Me,
Poems and Paints can speak sometimes Bold Truths,
Poets and Painters are Licentious Truths.

*Quæ sequuntur, in limine Thalami Regii, à nescio
quo nebulone scripta, reperibantur.*

Bella fugis, Bellas sequeris, Belloq; repugnas
Et Bellatori, sunt tibi Bella Thori
Impbellis Imbellis amas, Audaxq; videris
Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad Arma Venus.

A Catholick Hymn on the Birth of the Prince of WALES.

I.
When enraged *Southask*
In his *Female's* Womb cast,
A Clap which cost twenty *Guinny's*
A project he had
Of Revenge on the Dad,
And to blow up the Race of the *Ninnys*.

II.
The *Dutchess* she dy'd
If a Convert not bely'd,
And 'twas resolv'd in Cabal soon after
To raise up a breed
Of true Catholick seed,
To Supplant the two Heretick Daughters.

III.
Then from *Lombardy* came
A *Dutchess* of Fame,
Instructed in Arts Italian
Who rather than Church
Should be left in the lurch,
Might b' indulg'd the use of a Stallion.

IV.
The Poyson entail'd,
So far had prevail'd,
'Twas high time to seek out for a wonder:
Our case must be sad,
If a Boy can't be had,
To keep the Hereticks under.

V.
Then straight we repair
To the Infallible Chair,
Whose advice we must not forget'o.
To present at the Shrine
Of the Lady Divine,
That Miracles works at *Loretto*.

VI.
The Present was sent
And Mother *Dutchess* went,
On a Voyage from this World to th' other
Where she made a Prayer
For a Catholick Heir,
That the Queen might once more be a Mother.

VII.
The Request was soon granted
And *Modena* Sainced,
And straight the glad tidings came down here,
Which at Court was full hot
Before the Child was begot,
That we must have an Heir to the Crown here.

VIII.
The Fathers kept Reckoning
Some of them were speaking,
O' th' other side of the Water
That *Trinity* Sunday
Wou'd bring forth a young Boy,
Shou'd convert the Nation hereafter.

IX.
Much of this may be done
By way of *Dragoon*,
As *France* hath taught us the fashion
Religion to Plant
By true Church Militant,
Far better than Convocation.

X.
The Church has still took care
To provide for an Heir,
When Crowns are in dispute Sir,
This made the *French* Queen
To take *Mazarine*
For Cardinal *Coadjutor*.

XI.
From hence Sprang the Man
Call'd *Lewis Le Grand*,
And who knows but it may be
Given in Commission
T' answer *Dutchess's* Petitions
To his Eminence *Nuncio Dada*.

XII.
Some think 'twas an Omen
Of no good to some Men,
That before the Critical hour
When the Queen was to lie Down
Ere the Prince came to Town,
The *Bishops* were clapt in the Tower.

XIII.
And now he's come out
A Blessing no doubt,
And an *Hers* as sure as may be
As Big and as Bold
As a Boy a Month Old,
More like than a new Born Baby.

XIV.
Let no Woman despair
Of having an Heir,
Altho' She be never so Barren
So long as there are Fathers
There's not fail to be Mothers,
Without any fear of Miscarrying.

XV.
May all Catholicks Pray
All Night and all Day,
(Or else our Projects come short all)
That the God less which sent him
Would Graciously grant them,
That the Boy may be Immortal.

XVI
Then we will not forget ho
To sing Praise to *Loretto*,
And set up great *Winnifreds* Fame
And let all Men be willing
That new *Pauls* which is Building,
Henceforth be call'd *Nostre Dame*.

Advise to the Test-Holders. 1687.

WE Father *Godden*, *Gregory*, and all
The pious Priests: that on the Saints do call,
To the blest Virgin make it our request,
That you *Test-Holders* would abjure the Test:
By Christian Liberty to heal our Sins,
And not lay Stumbling-blocks to break our Shins.
Such rich returns can your Allegiance bring,
Is this your Interest to oblige the King?
He that buy's Liberty has given you scope
Enough to hang your selves in your own rope,
And would you have him to exclude the Pope?
What got that Looby Duke that did oppose
Our Soul advice, but pious checks and blows,
The holy Priest he ore the Temple smote,
'Twas well that beating sav'd his Graces Throat.
So *Albemarle* whether wrong or right
For his Religion can like *G——ton* fight.
Let learned Doctors arraign by the Word,
He knows no Sillogism but his Sword.

The haughty Peer sam'd for the Conference,
Altho' his Lordship made a stout defence,
What got he by 't? he baffled us, and we
Blew up his Lordship from the Treasury.
And *Cl——don* that Whig, from *Ireland* come,
For all his Sence receiv'd no better doom;
The Brothers now may strut, since he came hither
Like the two *Brandford* Kings, and Reign together.

For *Nor——ke*, *S——ke*, *L——ley*, *S——berry*;
They were our own, and so again shall be.
And for the Gallick Peer with Golden Key,
We have on a sure Lock, as well as they,
With *P——rough*, *M——ey*, *M——ve*, all
The Peers in pay in th^e Circuite of *Whitehall*.
But *Somersets* lost state we all condole,
Nor we have a Compassion for his Soul,

[21]

The King may send such orders as he list,
But he'll receive no orders from a Priest;
His Graces orders his Dragoons secures
To kick the holy Fathers out of doors.

But with the turn-coat Marquess it was worse,
Who while we pray'd begun to Swear and Curse,
(Whilst not his Soul we aim'd at, but his Money,)
To toss the Fathers over the Balcony.

In vain poor *Harry* strives against the tide,
He suffers Penance for his Brothers Pride;
As *N——t* late, who did the Court controul,
First lost his Office, and then lost his Soul.

Herbert, whose fall a greater blow did feel,
From topmast pendant to the lower Keel,
Whose Courage boundless as the Seas before,
Undaunted stood at the loud Canons roar,
Now ducks at a false firing on the shoar.
The Admiral may now turn common Seaman,
Or *Fer——s* like; from Court to Country Yeoman.

P——ton, in *France* who past for such a Saint, *proston*
Since he came ore has danc'd the same Corant;
French breeding sure would teach a Man more sence,
Than to be lost in point of Conscience.

Wise *M——gue* the Wardrobe best does fit,
Boast you your Loyalty, he has the Wit:
For he with ev'ry side can change his strain,
Such Policy will build his House again.

D——mouth we had forgot, but 'twas his prayer
When all was turn'd that he might scape the Snare,
For this the Powers, and all the Saints, we pray,
Fair *Winnifred*, and sweet *Cecilia*,
When all the Purgatorial flames have past,
For Penance grant that he may be the last.

Now for Advice, which if you would pursue
Would save your Souls, and your Employments too;
Dissemble, and take Pensions as we doe.

Who'd be like *O——rd* stiff, or *K——all*, shy,
To lose a Regiment, or Company.
Who pities the *Test-Holders*, or affords
Compassion to the disoblige'd Lords,
But neither Closet, nor Advice can win
To change the obdurate *Ethiopian* Skin.
The Quack and Timbar Knight may strain
For Golden Profelites, but all in vain,
All our endeavours cannot gain a Man,
They will be obstinate, doe what we can,
And will like *Kirk* first turn *Mahometan*.
And why all this, to see the Land oppress
With *Besses* Acts, and *Ashley Coopers* Tests,
Which to Repeal we have such strong Directions,
Windings and Turnings, and daily Transmigrations;
You cannot Err if you oblige the Court,
Or if you doe we can Absolve you for't.

The

The E. of ESSEX's Ghost. 1687.

From the blest Regions of Eternal Day, (Ray.
Where Heaven born Souls Imbibe th' Immortal
Where Liberty and Innocence reside
Free from the Grips of Tyranny and Pride,
Where pious Patriots that have shed their blood
For sacred Truth and for the publick good,
Now rest secure from thence (poor Isle) I come
To see thy Sorrows and bewail thy Doom,
Thy sore Oppressions and thy pining Cry,
Disturbs our Rest and drowns our Harmony.
When stiff-neck'd Israel did their God reject,
And in his stead an Idol-King erect:
Heavens flaming Sword he brandish'd in his hand,
And dreadful Thunder struck their sinful Land;
Till Penitence atton'd his sinful Ire,
And Quench'd the rage of his consuming fire.
But this poor Land still feels the dire effect
Of his just Wrath who his mild Reign reject.
Unhappy Isle how oft has thou been Curst
With t——lish Kings, but this of all's the worst.
The Fire, the Plague, the Sword, are dreadful fiends,
This R——l Plague all others far transcends.
From him the Fountain all our Mischiefs flows,
From him the Fire, from him the War arose.
With Rome he Plots, Religion to o'rethrow,
With France Combines, to Enslave the People too.
No Man must near his Sacred Person come,
Except he be for Tyranny and Rome.
With hardned Face he Assaults the Frail and Fair,
Uses his Power the Vertuous to ensnare.
With Troops of Vice he Conquers Liberty,
Depresses Vertue, Enthrones Tyranny,
Threatens the Coward, Fawns upon the Bold,
Debauches all with Power or with Gold.
Lift up thy Head afflicted Isle, and hear,
The time of thy Deliverance draws near;
His full blown Crimes will certainly pull down
A slow, but sure, Destruction of his Crown.
His Loathed Acs thy freedom's Birth shall cause,
Secure Religion, produce wholesome Laws.
No more the Poor, the Rich one shall devour,
No more shall Right yield to Oppressive Power:
No more shall Rapine make the Country groan,
Nor Civil Wars shall reign within the Town:
The Iron Scepter, and the Tyrant's Hand,
Shall cease henceforth to bruiſe thy happy Land.

Rome's Hocus Pocus Ministers no more
Shall cause Mankind their Juggling Priests to adore:
Thy Learned Clergy shall confound them all,
And they, like Ely's Sons, unpierced fall.
Dark Mists of Errors then must fly away,
And Hells Delusions shrink from the bright day.
Truth's sacred light in full abundance shall
Upon thy Teachers, and thy People fall.
So when th' Eternal Son was born to die
For all the World, the lesser Gods did fly;
His bright appearance struck their Prophets down,
And, Death like silence did their Gods Intomb.
The tunefull Spheres with Hallelujahs rung,
Heavens mighty Host with Man one Chorus sung.
Nere fading Glory unto God above,
Peace upon Earth, to Men Eternal Love.
Thus the Creation shooted with one Voice,
Thus Heaven and Earth did at his Birth rejoice:
And thus shall all repeat this Song again,
When upon Earth he shall begin to reign.
But this loud Isle shall be the chosen place,
Here shall the King of Kings begin his race:
Judea was his Cradle, and his Tomb,
Britain shall be his Throne in time to come.

Popish Politicks Unmaskt.

Walking (some Ten years since) along the Park,
One Summer Eve, before it was quite dark;
I fancied 'mongst a Grove of Trees I spy'd
A Man stand musing by the Water side:
I wish 'twas but a fancy, but I doubt
You'll find it none when you have heard it out.
This Person was a very tall, black man,
Above the common size almost a span,
His Face was wasted in most piteous sort
In all things else he was of Royal port:
But if grim-looks alone Maj'stick be,
Commend me to that Face for Majesty;
For such it had enough for two or three. }
To this Tall Man join'd instantly another
Of near his Stature, whom he called Brother,
Richly encircled with a numerous Ring,
Which shew'd he wanted nought but Name of King;
Some time they silent were, till all were gon,
Then did the Taller say, Brother go on,
Which thus he did—
I shall, Great Sir, my last Discourse retrieve,
I pray you good attention to it give;
Your case peculiar is, peculiar too
Must be your care, or you'll your self undo;
For Stations high, with Industry and Wit,
A second way may find, if first don't hit:

But

But Princes mounted on a Sovereign Throne
 Nor have, nor can have other way but one
 To curb the saucy Vulgar, and pull down
 Their Cobweb Rights that Circumscribe the Crown.
 Tear off your Shackles, make the Bumkins know
 There's none but you Almighty here below.
 You spoil your Game, Sir, while you do thus dally,
 Who follows him that standeth, shall I, shall I?
 You Cow the Bold, and Keen the Cowards heart,
 Whilst you, divided, Act the Doubtful part.
 Had you, when *London* was in Flames, but run (donee,
 And Cut the Cits damnd Throats, your work you'd
 You should have made their Blood the Fire to meet,
 With Bodies fed the Flames in every Street.
 To do and undo, suits well *Gerry* things,
 But 'tis beneath the Majesty of Kings:
Cæsar or nothing's writ on all they do;
 For Monarchs know no Medium 'twixt these two.
 What is it you stick at, Sir? Would you retreat?
 You're now so far Engaged, you must bear
 Or Beaten be, Ride or be Ridden now,
 He never back must look that holds the P'ow.
 It may be you'd not Promise break, nor Oath,
 Pish! All the World well know you can do both.
 With great advice the other day you said
 By Parliaments and Counsels you'd be sway'd:
 To day you think it good to let them know,
 What e're you said, you-ne're intended to:
 Fools to their Word, but Princes great, like you,
 To nought but their Intentions must be true.
 What! Is't the Laws you tender are to break?
 It's well known that's a scruple but too weak:
 For Laws are nothing else but Ties and Bands,
 On purpose made to Shackle Subjects Hands.
 Or, of fit Tools is't you so doubtful are?
 If that be it, I'll ease you of your Care;
 I Villains of intrinsic value have,
 And more Obedient than a Turkish Slave:
 If you but bid them thrust their bloody Knives
 Into their Fathers Throats, their Childrens, Wives,
 Or any but their own, they'll freely do't,
 And lay them sprawling at your Sacred foot.
 I have my Teagues and Tories at my beck
 Will wing their Heads off like a Chickens neck;
 Try'd Rogues, that never will so much as start
 To tear from Mothers Belly Infants Heart,
 First Rape, then rip them up, in one Half-hour
 Two Lusts they'll satiate, do but give them power.
 Faint Rogues will melt, and have their qualms of fear
 At Fathers Groans, or at a Mothers Tear,
 But mine are Monsters, fit for any Prince, (Sense.
 Not plagu'd with Conscience, nor yet plagu'd with
 The Flames of Hell, Horror, Eternal pains,
 The Clergy's Cheats to propagate their Gains,
 They Ridicule and scorn to lend their Ear,
 Let Knaves for Profit Preach, and Fools go hear,

The Tales of Future Bliss, not worth a Rush.
 With them one Bird in Hand's worth two i' th' Bush.
 Others won't serve you but on constant Pay,
 My Hounds will Hunt, and live upon their Prey;
 A Virgins Haunch, or well Bak'd Ladies Breast,
 To them is better then a Venison Feast;
 Babes Pettitoes, cut large with Arms and Leggs,
 They far prefer fore Pettitoes of Piggs:
 Poor Span long Infants, that like Carps, well Stew'd
 In their own Blood, their Irish Chaps have Chew'd;
 And Fathers Cauls have Candles made to Light
 Those black Inhumane Banquets of the Night.
 What e're you'd have, what e're your wishes craves,
 Nod, and 'tis done by my Obedient Slaves.
 They know no Scruple, no Command dispute,
 But do't as readily as *Turkish* Mute.
 You see, Sir where you are, your Royal date
 Grows out, if you don't soon support your Fate.
 To shake off Parliaments will be too great,
 And put you in too violent a Sweat,
 To Baffle therefore, but not cast them off,
 To hold them still, but hold them still in Scoff,
 Must be your work; For we are weaken'd so,
 That we must drive the Nail that now will go:
 And that too, we must do with gentle hand
 That tho' they fit, they may not understand.
 When *January* comes, Cold and ill-way
 Will call it Love to put them off till *May*,
 In *May* some odd Intelligence comes newly
 Won't suffer you to hold them until *July*,
 And *July* so with Heat and Sickness vex,
 Pity Protragues them to *November* next.
 And time is ill spent, if before that day
 We be not able to throw Mask away.
 This far exceeds Dissolving in my mind,
 And gives to our Design a better Blind;
 For if Two Parliaments you slight, I doubt
 The Rogues will then begin to Scent us out;
 For (Watchful, with Erected Ears) the Herd
 Stand listening now concern'd, and much afraid;
 A Covey, half o're-spread, half keep'd the Net,
 Are always harder than at first to set:
 So People slip out of the Noose, or Train,
 Are much the harder to be catcht again.
 With Prorogations therefore short, and soft
 They must be Treated; These repeated oft
 Will chase them so, that either mad with rage,
 They'll bring their Old Rebellion on the Stage,
 Or sullen sit, and leer on what we do,
 (The far more dangerous humour of the two):
 Their dogged Nature now its Vengeance vents
 In choosing Damnd and Plaguy Parliaments;
 Poor fools, their Rage does quite out-run their Wit,
 Yet you must never suffer them to sit,
 But mock the Choice, and mock the Session too.
 Another way, Sir, we our work will do;

One Plot is better than Ten Parliaments;
 Those give you Taxes, these shall give you Rents;
 A Thousand of the Richest we will Scue
 Into a Plot they ne'r heard of, nor knew.
 If Rents 3000 *l.* a Day, won't do,
 I'll three times three, by this Plot help you to.
 This, Sirs, your business, and look to your Stuff,
 Is all your care, for we have Rogues enough;
 Do you but Judges get, I'll Juries find;
 Witnesses too, according to our mind,
 Such Spruce Rogues, ah! 'twould do you good to hear
 How daring bold, and bravely they will swear;
 They're not like *Bedlow, Dugdale, Oates*, and such,
 Consider first, for fear to speak too much,
 Nor let their Conscience maim their Evidence,
 Through tender fear of hurting Innocence:
 Nor do I care for a Phanatick Noose,
 All are Phanaticks that have ought to lose.
 Judge, Witnesses, and Jury, I'll make sure,
 The Devil's in't if all be'n't then secure.
 Yet if this fails don't you discourag'd be,
 To form new Plots, leave to my Priests and me;
 Like Pins one Plot another shall drive out,
 Till we have brought our onely Plot about.
 Our first work is to save our Friends, that done,
 Like shirts t' our backs, we'll have more Plots than one;
 As fast as this fails, t'other we will start,
 Till Plot, like Pox, have seiz'd on every part.
 They said would foil our Plots, and fill your Ears
 With Regicidde intents to raise your fears,
 This fruitless Gun, that Dagger stabs your Belly,
 When you know all, better than they can tell ye.
 Go on, Sir, never fear the heedless Herd,
 They have no Courage but when you're afraid:
 On me lay all the fault of Town and Age,
 I'll safely screen you from the Peoples Rage;
 For when ill Accidents our Plots do spoil
 Me they'll call Rogue, but you most sacred stile:
 For Loyalty awes them in every thing,
 Tho' you destroy them, yet, God save the King,
 Tho' you them stab and I but hold the Knife,
 Yet still they'll wish your Majesty long life.
 Thus, great Sir, you're the greatest Prince alive;
 If Plots according to our projects thrive;
 And thrive they shall, if you'll but do your part,
 And from proposed methods never start:
 For Plots like Clock-work are; one Pin pull'd out
 Doth all its Order, and its Beauty rout,
 Steady your hand, keep Parliaments at Bay,
 Nor off, nor on, nor Working, nor at Play,
 Clip every Tongue you find do hang too long,
 ('Tis taking wind makes every thing scent strong.)
 Thus if you do, ill fortune I'll defie,
 All other things pray leave to Fate and I:
 And now adieu, I'll dive beneath the show,
 And act my Popish Will by Art below.

He being gone, in steps a certain Lord,
 Who had of all was said heard every Word.
 Great Sir (said he) who can tell what to say?
 If you by Popish Councils mean to sway,
 Curs'd be those Councils! and the Men that do
 Perswade you to our Ruine, and yours too.
 A Thousand Names, Ten Thousand let your Brother
 In's next Book write, if he dares write another:
 Ten Gentrys Names for one that he hath got,
 Nay let him name us all in the next Plot.
 All but the Papists Sir, — all but a few
 Of *Rome's* sworn Vassals and her Clergy Crew.
 Bate but this sort, and then take you the Pole,
 You'll hardly get another *English* Soul.
 Aftoon as will then let your Brother draw
 High'r Huffs, yet he shall never *England* awe,
 On our side stand the People, and the Law:
 For don't mistake, Sir, 'tis by Law alone
 Your Right's derived to our *English* Throne,
 Set that aside, and make the Law a sham,
 No Sovereign you, nor I a Subject am;
 For that same Law that gives you Dignity,
 Gives me my Life, Fortune and Liberty:
 Pardon, if with less reverence this is said,
 Than doth become a Member to its Head;
 For it sound Doctrine is, tho' Cully Brother
 And Popish Wits would fain find out another.
 Within the Circle of the Law, great Sir,
 I stand, and out of it I'll never stir:
 If to be King you be content, I will
 Pay all Allegiance and Obedience still;
 The Peoples Rights, and all our *English* Laws
 Do make the strongest side the Subjects Cause.
 Nor can your keeping us from Parliaments
 E're further or advantage your Intent,
 Far greater are the Choosers than the Choice,
England's Free-holders have a mighty voice;
 These we'll unite, these we'll associate,
 And if we can't defend our Lives and Fate
 We'll fairly fall, and Freemen to our Graves
 We'll rather choose to go, than to be Slaves.
 Our Ancestors shan't Curse us in their Tomb,
 Nor shall our Children in their Mothers Womb.
 They left us Free, and we ours Free will leave.
 Or Death our Hopes and Us shall both deceive.

Thus said — with angry looks He went his way
 No answer from his greatness could I pray;
 Then I trudg'd too; for vain it was to stay.

A Parad-

The PARADOX, upon the Confinement of the BISHOPS, and their Bailing out.

Let *Cynics* Bark, and the stern *Stagyrite*,
At *Epicurus* Precepts vent their Spite;
Let Churchmen Preach their threadbare Paradox,
Passive Obedience, to there Bleeding Flocks.

Let *Stoics* boast of a contented Mind,
The Joy and Pleasure of a Life confin'd;
That in Imprisonment the Soul is free;
Grant me, ye Gods, but Ease and Liberty!

That there is Pleasure in a dirty Road,
A tired Horse that sinks below his Load,
No Money, and an old-inveterate Pox;
This I'll believe without a Paradox

But to affirm 'twas the dispensing Pow'r,
That did decree the Prelates to the Tow'r,
And such Confinements for the Propagation
O'th' Faith and Doctrine of the Reformation.

That, to remove the Candlesticks from Sight,
Is to enlarge the Gospel and the Light,
And the seven Angels under Sequestration
To guard the Church from Pagan Innovation.

To say that this is Keeping of our Word,
The only Means we have to be secur'd;
Supporting of the *English* Church and Cause
In all it's Privileges, Rights, and Laws.

Pardon my Faith, for sooner I'll believe
The subtle Serpent was deceiv'd by *Eve*,
Rome shall with Hereticks her Promise keep,
And Wolves and Bears protect the stragling Sheep.

That *Powis* shall be Mild and Moderate,
Not out of meer Regard to his Estate,
And for a hopeful Heir invoke the Saints
Out of his tender Love to Protestants.

That this young Heir Great *Orange* to prevent,
Being assign'd to the next Parliament,
Shall be brought up 'ith' Protestant Profession,
To ratify a Catholic Succession.

That Father *Petre's* Counsel shall prevail
To quit their guiltless Lordships without Bail;
And *Giffard* beg, i'th' Name of the young Prince,
Dispensing Pow'r may with their Crimes dispence.

That *Condem* with the Jesuits shall side,
To beg their Lordships never may be try'd;
Chiefly old *S*, the dear hopes to shun
Of being *England's* Metropolitan.

That *D---ham* shall propitiate for his Grace,
And *Chester* shall with *Chichester* change Place;
And *H---*, when made a Cardinal,
Shall make a Learn'd Apology for all.

That, for old *Ely*, *Bristol*, *Bath* and *Wells*,
The Jesuits shall pawn their Beads and Bells;
For *Loyd* and *Peterborough* to be Bail
Good *Rochester* will lye himself in Goal.

That *M---* s. Trade and Lust, in *Driden's* Rhymes,
Shall make Attonement for their Lordship's Crimes;
And Wife's Sobriety shall recompence
For their Apostate Disobedience.

Or that the Grome o'th' stole, since he declar'd,
Shou'd from his former Luxury be debair'd;
Or the grave President shou'd reinstall
The *English* Church upon the Bishop's Fall.

That the Lord *C---* r. shou'd quit the Purse,
For there respective fines to reimburse;
Or that the Judges should not all conspire
To find 'em guilty of a Premunire.

That *Pemberton's* sound Counsel shou'd prevail,
And *Allibone* shou'd sue to be their Bail;
Or *H---*, that lyes upon the Lurch,
Who left the Charters, shall restore the Church.

That *Melford's* Cross, erected at the *Bath*,
With *Perth*, an Emblem of their new-got Faith,
The Cause o'th' *Q---* s Conception do remain,
And will produce the same Effects again.

That City Treats with Masquerades are grac't;
To keep their Wives upright, their Daughters chaf't;
And Court Intrigues with Balls are carry'd on,
For Vertue only, to preserve the Throne.

That she, who lately took into her Choice
The witty Author of the Brace of Mice,
Shall baffle the old Panther in her Race,
And Crown her Husband with the Laureat's Bayes.

All this I freely can believe, and more:
But that the Lords are Bay'd out of the Tower,
With greater Load to be sent there again,
For Breach of Laws they endeavour'd to maintain.

That they have Guilt of Disobedience,
In this you must excuse my Diffidence,
Who plac'd upon the Monarch's Head the Crown,
Props of the Church, and Pillars of the Throne.

*A Lenten PROLOGUE Refus'd by
the PLAYERS. 1682.*

Our Prologue-Wit grows flat: the Naps worn off;

And howe'er We turn, and trim the Stuff,

The Gloss is gone, that look'd at first so gaudy;

'Tis now no Jest to hear young Girls talk Baudy.

But Plots, and Parties give new matter birth;

And State Distractions serve you here for mirth!

At *England's* cost Poets now purchase Fame

While Factions Heats destroy us, without Shame

These wanton *Neroes* fiddle to the Flame.

The Stage, like old Rump-Pulpits, is become

The Scene of News, a furious Party's Drum.

Here Poets beat their Brains for Volunteers,

And take fast hold of Asses by their Ears.

Their jingling Rhime for Reason here you swallow;

Like *Orpheus* Musick makes Beasts to follow.

What an enlightning Grace is want of Bread? (Head!

How it can change a Libeller's Heart, and clear a *Lawyers*

Open his Eyes till the mad prophet see

Plots working in a future power to be

Traitors uniform'd to his *Second Sight* are clear;

And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear;

Rebellion is the *Burden* of the *Scer*.

To *Bays* in Vision were of late reveal'd

Whigg-Armies, *st at at Knights-bridge lay conceal'd*. (Reher.

And though no mortal Eye could see't before Comp. p. 31.

The *Battle* was just entering at the Door! Rehear.

A dangerous Association—sign'd by None! Comedy

The Joyner's Plot to seize the King alone! P. 52.

Stephen with College made this Dire compact;

The watchful *Irish* took 'em in the Fact —

Of riding arm'd! Oh Traiterous Overt Act!

With each of 'em an ancient Pistol sided:

Against the Statute in that Case provided,

But why was such an Host of Swearers prest?

Their succour was ill Husbandry at best.

Baye's crown'd Muse, by Sovereign Right of Satyre,

Without desert, can dub a man a Traitor.

And Tories, without troubling Law, or Reason,

By loyal instinct can find Plots and Treason.

But here's our Comfort, though they never scan

The merits of the Cause, but of the Man,

Our gracious Statesmen vow not to forsake

Law — that is made by Judges whom they Make.

Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with ease

They turn those Plyant Puppets as they please.

With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed,

Such shall be sure to meet—but when there's Need.

When a sick State, and sinking Church call for 'em,

Then 'tis our Tories most of all abhor 'em.

Then Pray'r, that Christian Weapon of defence,

Grateful to Heaven, at Court is an Offence,

If it dare speak th' untamper'd Nations sense.

Nay Paper's Tumult, when our Senates cease;

And some Men's Names alone can break the Peace.

Petitioning disturbs the Kingdom's Quiet;

As choosing honest Sheriffs makes a Ryot.

To punish Rascals; and bring *France* to Reason,

Is to be hot, and press things out of Season;

And to damn Popery is *Irish* Treason.

To love the King, and Knaves about him hate,

Is a Fanatick Plot against the State.

To skreen his Person from a Popish Gun

Has all the mischief in't of *Forty One*.

To save our Faith and keep our Freedom's Charter,

Is once again to make a Royal Martyr.

This Logick is of Tories deep inditing

The very best they have—but Oaths, and Fighting.

Let 'em then chime it on, if 'twill oblige ye,

And *Roger* vapour o're us in *Effigia*.

Let 'em in Ballads give their folly Vent,

And sing up Nonfence to their Hearts content.

If for the King (as All's pretended) they

Do here drink Healths, and curse, sure We may pray,

Heaven once more keep him then for *Healing Ends*

Safe from old Foes—but most from his new Friends!

Such Protestants as prop a *Popish* Cause,

And loyal Men, that break all Bounds of Laws!

Whose Pride is with his Servant Salaries fed,

And when they've scarce left him a Crust of Bread,

Their corrupt Fathers foreign Steps to follow,

Cheat even of scraps, and that last Sop would swallow.

French Fetters may this life no more endure;

Spite of *Rome's* Arts stand *England's* Church secure,

Not from such Brothers as desire to mend it,

But false Sons, who designing worse to rend it

With leud *Lives*, and no *Fortunes* would defend it.

A Sale of old STATE Household-stuff,

*occasioned by a report that his Majesty intend-
ed to take down the Hangings in the two Hou-
ses of Parliament, and Wainscoat the Rooms,
the Hangings in the Lords being the History
of the Spanish Invasion, 1588. and in the
Commons Hangings the Gun-powder-Trea-
son.*

THe Government being resolv'd
To new furnish the House of State,
Has thought fitting to put off the Old,
That was rusty, and worn out of date:

Then

Then come all you State Brokers away,
And take off our old-fashion'd Trinkums,
You for a small matter may buy,
That which cost the Price of three Kingdoms;

Quoth Jemy the Bigotted K—,

Quoth Jemy the Politic, th—g

With a Thredbare Oath,

And a Catholic Troth,

That never was worth a Farthing.

2.

Here's (what was to cleanse Church and State)

The Befom of Reformation,

Brought in by *Harry the Eighth,*

And *Bess's* grave Convocation:

Here are diverse Conformity Acts,

The Penal Laws and all,

With a parcel of over-rul'd Statutes,

Kick'd out of *Westminster-Hall.*

Quoth Jemy, &c.

3.

Come buy the old Tapstry Hangings,

Which hung in the House of Lords,

That kept the *Spanish Invasion,*

And *Powder Plot* on Records:

A musty old *Magna Charta,*

That wants new scouring and cleaning,

Writ so long since, and so dark too,

That 'tis hard to pick out the meaning.

Quoth Jemy, &c.

4.

Here's a Pack of nasty Court Cards,

Much foul'd with over-playing,

Condemn'd to the Fields of *Tom Turd,*

For they never were worth the Buying:

A pitiful tatter'd *Scotch League,*

Swallow'd meerly to Trappan Men,

Took by the late *K—* in Intreague,

And afterwards burnt by the Hangman.

Quoth Jemy, &c.

5.

Three Protestant Vizors, much worn

And in use, since the Days of *Q. Bess,*

Which now we have laid by with Scorn

Being resolv'd to appear with bare Face:

Come buy a Thing brought from *Breda,*

Call'd a Royal Declaration,

Which of late we have Copy'd at large,

Having promis'd to keep up the Fashion

Of Old *Simon the King,*

Quoth Jemy the Politick, &c.

6.

A parcel of *Conge d'essires*

By Heretic Bishops own'd,

The reward of the old Cavaliers

For their Loyalty to the Crown:

Here's your Corporation Charters,
And University Regulations;
For all which, as cheap you may barter
As for Cucumbers in the Vacation.

Quoth Jemy, &c.

7.

Here's a Crew of Exclusion Abhorrors,

And a Litter of Loyal Addressors,

Who'd have run to the Devil for us

When they Bully'd for Popish Successors;

But now they're down in the Mouth,

Their Damning and Healing forsakes 'em,

If you think 'em not a Pennyworth,

For fetching the Devil may take 'em.

Quoth Jemy, &c.

9.

Here's a Tribe of mad Pulpiteers,

That still for Right Line were a Trimming;

We'll exchange, 'em for Bandileers,

And leave 'em to *Vrim* and *Thummin*:

Here's a Cart-load of Observators,

That were writ in defence of the Church,

By *Hodge*, that Eternal Prater,

Whole Quill is now left in the Lurch.

Quoth Jemy, &c.

9.

Will you buy any Protestant Places

In Army, or where you think best, Sir?

Those that think to keep 'em are Asses,

When once we are rid of the Test, Sir:

And thus will I ead my Sale

With the Bar to either House;

If we get but over it well,

For the rest I care not a Loufe.

Quoth, &c.

An

EPITAPH on the Lord FAIRFAX.

By the D. of Buck-----

Under this stone does lye

One, Born for Victory,

Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He,

Whoe'r, for that alone a Conqueror wou'd be,

Both Sexes Vertues were in him combin'd:

He had the Fierceness of the Manliest Mind,

And eke the Meekness too of Woman-kind.

He never knew what Envy was, or Hate:

His Soul was fill'd with Worth, and Honesty;

And with another thing, quite out of date,

Call'd Modesty.

2.

He ne'r seem'd Impudent, but in the Field; a Place

Where Impudence it self dares seldom show her Face:

C 2

Had

Had any stranger spy'd him in the Room
 With some of those whom he had overcome,
 And had not heard their Talk, but only seen
 Their gesture and their mien,
 They wou'd have sworn he had the Vanquish'd been;
 For as they brag'd, and dreadful wou'd appear,
 While they their own ill lücks in War repeated,
 His Modesty still made him blush, to hear
 How often he had them Defeated.

3.
 Through his whole Life, the Part he bore
 Was wonderful, and Great,
 And yet, it so appear'd in nothing more,
 Than in his private last retreat:
 For it's a stranger thing, to find
 One Man of such a Glorious mind
 As can dismiss the Pow'r h' has got,
 Than Millions of the Polls and Braves,
 Those despicable Fools and Knaves,
 Who such a Pother make,
 Through dulness and mistake
 In seeking after Pow'r, but get it not.

4.
 When all the Nation he had won,
 And with expeace of Blood had bought,
 Store great enough he thought
 Of Fame and of Renown;
 He then his Arms laid down,
 With full as little Pride
 As if he had been of his Enemies side,
 Or one of them cou'd do that were undone:
 He neither Wealth, nor Places sought;
 For others, not himself, he Fought.
 He was content to know,
 For he had found it so,
 That, when he pleas'd, to Conquer; he was able,
 And left the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble:
 He might have been a King;
 But that he understood
 How much it is a meaner thing
 To be unjustly Great, than Honorably good.

5.
 This, from the World, did Admiration draw,
 And, from his Friends, both Love and Awe,
 Remembring what in Fight he did before:
 And his Foes lov'd him too,
 As they were bound to do,
 Because he was resolv'd to Fight no more:
 So, blest'd of all, he Dy'd; but far more blest'd were we,
 If we were sure to live, till we cou'd see
 A Man as Great in War, in Peace as just, as he.

A MATCH, between the keen RASOR, and the dull AX. 1683. Occasioned by the death of the Lord Russel and the E. of Essex.

TEN Pounds to a Crown, (who will make the match)
 On *Bomini's* head,* against Squire *Catch*,
 Whose Instrument shall make most quick dispatch.

The Noble Rasor, or the Ax
 In Bulk, (perhaps) not Virtue, lacks;
 Which, by rare slight of hand, can do
 More at one stroke, than that at two:
 So Gems are precious, which unite
 In little Orbs, great Rays of Light:
 More subtle than th' Inchant'd Sword,
 Which flew twice o'er
 The Knight, once slain before;
 For thou cou'dst kill,
 Against thy will,
 And his, and ours, a Noble Lord.

2.
 Dead doing Tool! surely just Fate
 Will dub thee now the Ax of State;
 If first the greatful Heav'n's shall not Translate
 Thee thither, to maintain
 The Regiment of C——s his Wain.
 But gentle Muse, I pray thee tell,
 What made that Hack, this shave so well:
 And why the dapper *Monsieur* can
 Out-do the heavy *Englishman*?
 Did the old Ax, on that great day
 It went away
 To *Rome*, to be Enshrind,
 Steal all the Steel; and only Iron leave behind?
 Or did the Hone
 Sharpen the Rasor, to the Ax give none?

3.
 Won'd you this Riddle understand;
 Distinguish 'twixt the Butcher's clumsy Hand,
 And the invisible Command.
 Divines allow, the unseen Powers
 May wonders work; and why not ours,
 Whether on Scaffolds, or in Towers?
 All you, whose Lot
 It once may be to go to Pot,
 When e're the State shall hit your Blot;
 And you, whose Heads by fullen Fates
 Are doom'd to fall at these hard rates:
 Pray use your Barber's cheaper Art,
 And let your bungling Butcher's bear no Part.

Now

Now, for a curious Youth to cut your Throats,
Who (on occasion fine, and neat)
Will do the clever Feat ;
Let trusty *Monsieur* preengage your ready Votes.

*A Warning to the PROTE-
STANT Peers, from their
best of Friends, the JESUITS,
1687.*

1.

Since Prose won't Move, wee'll try what Verse can
If you your obstinacy still pursue, (do :
Our slighted Council you too late may Rue.

2.

At your forewarn'd destruction do not wonder :
His Cyclop Priests will make you truckle under :
And Angry *Jove* shall blast you with his Thunder.

3.

Apostate Sin unsheaths the fatal Knife ;
Oh *Norfolk*, then how short's thy wretched Life !
An Alien to the Church, and to thy Wife.

4.

Thou once wast in the Right, in *Charles* his days ;
With Pious *James*, the Ancient Faith Imbrace :
Thou'rt the first *Heretick* of all thy race.

5.

Young *Somerset* has justly lost his Place ;
Since he the *Nuncios* cause wou'd not Embrace,
But Valu'd that, much less, then his disgrace.

6.

If soon he do not tack about to *Rome*,
But bid the Pope, with *P-----g*, kiss his Bum ;
For such Contempt, he'll shortly meet his doom.

7.

Grave *Hallif-----*, whom once we thought so wise,
'Till he our sacred Councils did despise,
Shall, for his Error, be the next that dyes :

8.

If *Shrewsbury*, whom once we had so fast,
With stile of *Heretick* his name will blast,
As hee's the first, so shall he be the last.

9.

Devon, who did th' Exclusive Bill maintain,
Cut Limb from Limb, shall meet the *Frenchmans* Bane,
Expos'd a mangled Trunk in *Parkers-Lane*.

10.

Brave witty *Dorset* falls a Sacrifice,
For worrying, by *Fleet Shepherds* lewd device,
The *Hind* and *Payser* with a brace of mice.

11.

The faithful Brothers *Clarendon* and *Lory*,
Shall sink to Hell, from height of all their Glory,
And ne're obtain the Bliss of Purgatory.

12.

Old *Danby*, *Ormond*, *Rivers*, *Osfory*,
If you persist in your damn'd Heresie,
How can you hope to scape your destiny ?

13.

Next, Valiant *Dartmouth* shall a Victim fall,
With *Oxford*, *Scarsdale*, *Rusben*, *Wharion* ; all
That will not bow the Knee, and worship *Baal*.

14.

Oh *Lumly*, *Lumly*, what cou'd be thy hope,
To loose thy self by throwing off the Pope ?
Embrace the Church again, or else a Rope.

15.

Cholmly, with Love and Affection blind ;
And *Newport*, wedded to his Gavel kind :
Even *Manchester* then thou more grace shall find.

16.

Old *F-----m*, wee'll thy short Life preserve :
We know, if good *Q-----K-----* from *England* swerve,
Thou't turn to any thing, rather then starve.

17.

Northumberland a while shall scape the doom,
While young *St. Albans* we Kidnap to *Rome*
To come, like *Salisbury*, a Convert home.

18.

For *M-----*, *Peterb-----*, *Sund-----d*
With many more, we have at our command,
Pliant, like Haggards brought up to our hand.

19.

These are our Friends, but you who're obstinate
And still persist, expect your sudden Fate ;
You're warn'd ; take heed ; destruction's at the Gate.

L I T A N Y

in the Year 1684.

From Immoderate Fines and defamation:
From *Braddons* Pennylefs Subornation
And from a Bar of Assassination

Libera nos, &c.

From a Lawyer that scolds like an Oyster Wench
From an *English* Body and a Mind that is *French*
And from the new Bonner upon the Bench.

Libera nos, &c.

From the Partial Preaching that is now in Fashion
From divinity to undo a Nation
From Wooden Shoes and Transubstantiation.

Libera nos, &c.

From the Nonsencial rant of a Loyal Addressor
From the Impudent Chams of Popish Professor
And from Protestant Zeal in a Popish Successor

Libera nos, &c.

From all those *Esau's* within their Nonage
That would both our Laws and Liberties Forage
And sell their Birthright for a Mefs of a Court Pottage.

Libera nos, &c.

From Juries that Murder do Justice call
And undoing of Men a Matter but small
And from the Star Chamber in *Westminster-Hall*.

Libera nos, &c.

A Loyal Litany.----88.

From all the Women we have whor'd.
From being bound to keep our word
From Civil Broiles and Foreign Sword.

Libera nos Domine.

From store of Ships and want of Men
From leaping into th^e Lyons Den;
From a *Dutch* War and *Burncis* Pen.

Libera nos, &c.

From Bombs of *France* and Bulls of *Rome*,
From being Henpeck'd worse at home
And *D—rs* insatiate Womb;

Libera nos, &c.

From Toleration and such Nonsense;
From granting Liberty of Conscience;
To Hereticks against our own Sense.

Libera, &c.

From hopes we shall Dissenters bring;
To Union with a Popish King,
And *Pen* that managed that whole thing.

Libera nos, &c.

From standing of our Foe in dread,
From being by the Priesthood;
From *English* Limbs to a Popish Head.

Libera, &c.

From *Oxford* faithful to his Trust,
From being to our Promise just;
From *M—s* Pride and his Wifes Lust.

Libera, &c.

From *Somerset* and haughty *Lory*,
That would Eclipse the *Roman* Glory;
And make a jest of Purgatory.

Libera nos, &c.

From such as will not do their best;
To take off Penal Laws and Test,
From *Stamford, Grey* and all the rest.

Libera nos Domine.

From *Parliaments* that dare oppose,
And lead their Sovereign by the Nose;
And from the Sanguinary Laws.

Libera nos, &c.

We humbly do beseech thee, Lord,
That we may govern by the Sword;
And *Berwick* know no other word.

Quasumus te Domine.

That it may please thee while we Reign;
Whatever Neighbour rules the main,
To make us great in our Campaigne.

Quasumus te, &c.

That

That it may be enough for these,
Whilst others Towns and Cities seize;
To storm them in Effigies.

Quasumus te, &c.

That they may Feast and make a Noyse,
And with loud Volleys rend the Skies;
Against a Flock of Butter-flies.

Quasumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to repair,
Lord *Pomus* who is in despair;
And furnish *England* with an Heir.

Quasumus te, &c.

Grant it may be a Prince of *Wales*,
Or if the Smock and *Dada* fails;
Adopt a Brat of Neddy *Hayles*.

Quasumus te Domine.

That he may prove the Fathers Hope,
Restore the Nation and the *Pope*;
And save Father *Peters* from a Rope.

Quasumus te Domine.

That we with Members may be Blest,
And of such a Parliament possest;
As shall Annul the Bloody Test.

Quasumus te, &c.

That we have time before we dye;
To settle Church and *Papery*,
That poor St. *Patrick* may not fly.

Quasumus te, &c.

Grant we may never cross the main,
To be a General in *Spain*;
Or ever see *Breda* again.

Quasumus te Domine.

The

DISSENTERS

Thanksgiving for the Late DE- CLARATION.

For this Additional Declaration,
This double grace of Dispensation,
For Liberty and Toleration;
Against *Antichristian* Violation.
Whatever Zeal disguised Passion,
Perswades the Sons of Reformation:
'Tis but a sly Innuvation,
To work a *Popish* Inundation,
We of the new Regeneration;
The well affected of the Nation,
That will be useful in our Station,
Do offer up our due Oblation;
And make our humble Supplication,
While Test and Penal's are in Fashion;
We be not brought in Tribulation,
By the next Synod of the Nation.

The

DISPUTE

By the E. of R----r. 1673.

B Etwixt Father *Patric* and his Highness of Late;
There happed a strong and a weighty debate:
Religion was the Theme. 'Tis strange that they two;
Shou'd dispute about that which neither of em know.
When I dare boldly say, if the truth were but known,
The weakness of *Patric*, and strength of his own;
He'd have call'd it a madness, and much like a curse,
To have chang'd from a good one, to that which is worse
But the reasons which made most his Highness to yield,
And so willingly quit to *Patric* the Field,
Were

Fir

First, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you ith' Lurch,
 Who to tell you there can be any more than one Church
 And, next unto that, he avers'd for a certain;
 No Footsteps of ours cou'd be found before *Marin*.
 At which two reasons, so deep and profound,
 His H— had like to have fall'n in a swoon;
 But at length he cry'd out, Father *Paric*, I find
 By the sudden Conversion, and change of my mind,

It is not your reason, nor wit can afford
 Such strength to your cause; 'Tis the Finger o'th' Lord,
 For now I remember he some where has said;
 That by Babes and Sucklings his truth is convey'd,
 Thus ended the dispute 'twixt the Priest and the
 In which, to say truth, and to do 'em both right, (Knight
 He manag'd the cause, as he did the Sea Fight,

FINIS

Lord,

l,

ght }

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